The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1901.

The Week.

We may never see the rough draught of Aguinaldo's manifesto to his people, or learn in what way and to what extent the screws were put upon him. The document is hardly gushing, but it is explicit in its declarations for peace, and will have its influence in bringing about that consummation. It is equally unambiguous in accepting American sovereignty, though this seems to be thought of as a temporary step, pending the realization of "those promised liberties" of which Aguinaldo speaks. What are they, and who promised them? Unless they include ultimate independence, we can see in the phrase only the threat of new misunderstandings and bitterness. At any rate, there is not a word in the proclamation which would prevent Filipinos, or Americans who believe in Philippine independence as the only sure solution of a difficult problem, from pressing steadily towards it as their final goal. We observe that the Washington authorities are in a mood of silly hopefulness that the manifesto will "reduce the criticism of the Administration." This is an old trick of Imperialists. What they want is support, or else silence. They are urging us all to keep still about Cuba—whatever you think, do say nothing. But censorship and deportation are not yet established here, whatever may be the case in Manila, and till they are, the Administration will have to get on with the pesky critics as best it can.

The announcement that the War Department has decided not to raise any of the 12,000 Filipino troops authorized by the last Army Law, would seem to indicate that there is not yet that full trust and confidence in our Oriental subjects which some assumed to exist as the result of the capture of Aguinaldo. The decision is the more interesting since it is known that the authorities are anxious to decrease the number of American troops in the archipelago, and it was thought that this might be accomplished by the enlistment of Filipinos, for which Judge Taft was so anxious. Meanwhile, Gen. Young's statement as to the necessity for 60,000 troops for some time to come seems borne out by renewed insurgent activity. The truth is, that as long as the United States fails to win the confidence and support of the Filipinos, it must enforce obedience to its wishes by a display of military power. Whether it can ever win their affection and trust after its procedure in the last three years is another question. After more than a century of English domination in India, it was not deemed safe to weaken the strong English army in that country except by a brigade or two when the defeats in South Africa in 1899 led to a demand for all available men; and this despite the fact that the native Indian army musters considerably over 100,000 men.

Settlement of the Philippine friar question is glibly announced in the Imperialistic newspapers. The only fact they have to go upon is the declaration by Judge Taft that he will not, at present, insist upon the restoration of the religious orders to their former parishes. This simply means that the friar question is temporarily shelved, not that it is settled. To order the return of the friars would be only to inflame the people, and to cause the smouldering insurrection to blaze out more fiercely than ever. The decision of Judge Taft not to provoke such a catastrophe is obviously wise, but it does not go to the root of the difficulty. The friar question is really a land question, as was clearly shown in the last report of the Philippine Commission. When we have found a way to buy up the 500,000 acres of land which the religious orders hold, and hold under the unquestioned titles that we, by the treaty of Paris, bound ourselves to protect, we may begin to talk of having settled the friar question.

There is an excellent reason why the Administration press keeps so still about the approval of the Platt amendment by the Cuban planters and merchants. This reason is, that they explicitly condition their acceptance of the American terms upon a great reduction in the American duties on Cuban products. Early in the month, for example, the society of planters (*Círculo de Hacendados*) took public action urging the Convention to agree to the Platt amendment, "*provided* that an additional clause establish a régime of reciprocity between Cuba and the United States, which is to *begin* by a reduction of 50 per cent. of the duties on Cuban products." No wonder that such a qualified acceptance is not a cause of jubilee among our protectionist manipulators of Cuba. If Senator Platt were to go to his Connecticut tobacco-growers and tell them that half the tariff on Cuban tobacco was to be removed, we think their cries of rage would lead to his amending his amendment in short order. And the repeal of 50 per cent. of the duty on Cuban sugar would throw the "new Republicanism" of the South into convulsions, and make the beet-sugar men of the mighty West reach for a handy missile. It really would not do thus to uncover the ultimate purpose and effect of Cuban annexation prematurely. So the Administration lies low, and studiously pursues its Brer Rabbit policy of saying nothing.

All circumstances considered, the fact that one-sixth of the $300,000,000 British loan should be taken in New York is less surprising than the fact that so few European securities should as yet have been placed here. It is the disinclination of the American investing public to such use of its funds on a really large scale which marks the present situation as peculiar in our history. It is true that nearly $50,000,000 in English and German Government bonds was taken last year by New York syndicates. Fairly large blocks of new national bonds of Russia, Switzerland, and Sweden have found their way into the hands of New York bankers, and by them have been distributed locally. In addition, American bankers have acquired a share in several loans of German municipalities, culminating in last month's subscription to the $3,700,000 Frankfort bonds. All this, regarded as a tendency, has been both interesting and significant. But there has not by any means been indicated such an outflow of capital into fixed foreign investments as characterized, for instance, Great Britain's disposition of its surplus capital early in the century, or the outflow of French and German capital in the last generation. Compared with either of these three European movements, recent foreign investment of American capital has been trifling. Then, as all financiers and economists are aware, there is an almost irresistible tendency, in international markets, for high-grade securities of a wealthy community, originally placed abroad, to flow back sooner or later into the home market. This is what happened very quickly in the case of our own Government bonds, when placed abroad—the foreign allotments of 1895 returned in about six months. It happened more slowly, but none the less surely, in the case of our railway securities, and there is little reason to suppose that the same return movement will not occur in the case of our present or prospective holdings of English and German public loans. It is, in fact, an open secret that a very large part—perhaps the greater part—of the $28,000,000 Exchequer bonds placed with New York bankers last August, have already been resold to London at a profit.

The ballot law passed at the recent ex-

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tra session of the Maryland Legislature had its first trial at the city election in Frederick on Tuesday week. The substantial agreement of the reports published by the Baltimore *American*, the leading Republican newspaper of the State, and the Baltimore *Sun*, the chief Democratic journal, appears to furnish conclusive proof that good can come out of this Nazareth. Names upon the ballot are arranged alphabetically for each office, that of the candidate in every instance being followed by that of his party. This is in a sense an educational test, but it was proved at Frederick that the illiterate black Republican or the illiterate white Democrat can be instructed so as to distinguish his candidate for each office by the appearance of the word describing his party—as, for instance, that "Democratic" has a round letter the fourth from the start, and that "Republican" has one letter which drops in part below the line. The *Sun's* correspondent says that he talked with a number of old negro men who were reared in slavery and never learned to read, and that every one assured him that the new ballot was as simple as the old one.

One excellent feature of the new law appears to be that it promotes independent voting. The elector must make a mark against the name of one candidate for every office if he would do his full duty, and there were many "split tickets"—the Republicans polling only 921 votes for Mayor, but 1,017 for City Register, and the Democrats 1,054 for Mayor, but only 926 for the Registership. In a few cases Republican tickets were marked only for Mayor, and it is explained that "these were cast by extra dull negroes, who could not be trusted to mark the whole ballot, and were instructed to vote for the one name, so as to make sure of that much." We can see no reason to suppose that the Frederick election was not a fair trial of the new law, and we are glad to believe that, whatever may have been the motives of those who were credited with a desire to disfranchise ignorant blacks without also ruling out ignorant whites, the result has been a statute which is reasonable and just to both races and both parties.

Mayor Van Wyck's veto of the Charter Revision Bill is a document in every way worthy of his position as Executive of the metropolis. He says that on such an occasion the Mayor should act and speak for the people of the entire city, and this is what he does. Of course, Mr. Van Wyck exposes some of the chief jobs loaded upon the bill in the Legislature—the provision authorizing the School Board to give public-school money to private schools, the $160,000 corporation advertising scheme, the Brooklyn magistrate job, and the device for giving detective sergeants higher rank and pay than they deserve; though we regret to see that he fails to condemn the amendment allowing graduates of the Normal School to become teachers without passing any examination. The Mayor's discussion of the change recommended by the Charter Commission, and endorsed by the Legislature, whereby the old Board of Estimate and Apportionment is replaced by a body in which the Presidents of the various boroughs are to exercise great power, is dignified and impressive. It must be conceded by every fair-minded man that this is an experiment which may work badly.

When the organization of the New York Public Library's circulating department is complete, presumably those private libraries which now receive a city subsidy according to circulation will have to choose between merging their identity in that of the Public Library and losing the city aid which they now receive. That this will work injustice in the case of the library of St. Patrick's Cathedral was asserted last week in an interesting address by Archbishop Corrigan. He explained that it was impossible for the Cathedral Library to enter the proposed consolidation without losing its distinctive character and usefulness. No other library so carefully scrutinizes its books; of the 57,000 on the shelves, not one could harm the morals of a child. Other libraries give free entrance to books subversive of good morals and sound political ideas. No other library in town fairly covers the field of Roman Catholic science and philosophy. It would be ungracious to point out the mediævalism of such arguments as these, or to analyze too closely a familiar address made by a Roman Catholic prelate before an audience of the faithful, were it not that the considerations advanced must, sooner or later, be faced by the city. If, then, the largest Roman Catholic library in town is to receive city aid and to control three branches, why not a Hebrew library, a Christian Science library, a Presbyterian, an Anarchist, a Seventh-Day Baptist, a Spiritualist, a Unitarian, a Socialist, and so *ad infinitum?* Any such politico-religious apportionment would be clearly impracticable, and, if possible, disastrous. Nor is there any injustice to these religious and political sects in denying them control of any part of the Public Library. A voice they already have. If a Roman Catholic scholar needs a book on Catholic theology, the Public Library will do its utmost to get it for him. If the Fathers are incompletely represented, it is because other demands are more urgent and other needs greater. It is the element of public support that must determine policy. The more libraries privately controlled and supported, and the more diverse their aim, the better. But any aid that the city has accorded to sectarian libraries has been provisional in default of a better system. When the city has its own library sytem, aid to libraries not therein included should be discontinued.

Not unnaturally, the passage by the New York Legislature last week of the bill giving women tax-payers in villages and towns the right to vote on propositions to raise money by tax or assessment, is treated by Miss Anthony as "the entering wedge," which will result in the early adoption of full woman suffrage by New York. The bill commanded such overwhelming votes as 84 to 29 in the Assembly and 27 to 14 in the Senate. While neither men nor women presented any sufficient argument against granting the privilege sought, nevertheless, many of the majority in each branch for the bill just passed would have opposed the wider proposition, on the familiar grounds that there is no such evidence of a desire for the ballot among women generally as was manifested by female tax-payers, and that indifference or opposition to full suffrage on the part of women is the rule. The important element in the case everywhere is the attitude of the women. They got full suffrage in Colorado and Idaho a few years ago because they showed that they wanted it. They have not yet shown this in any Eastern State.

An important innovation has been made by the city of Detroit through an ordinance allowing street railway companies to carry freight within the city limits. The ordinance provides certain regulations, which appear to be in the main salutary, and the experiment will be watched with great interest throughout the country. Its consequences may obviously be far-reaching, and while the business of the steam railroads may not be affected, that of the express companies and other distributing agencies will certainly have to conform to new conditions. The ordinance contains one provision which carries the pretensions of the labor unions to a pitch hitherto unparalleled. It requires all the conductors and motormen to be not only citizens of the United States, but also "members in good standing of Division No. 26 of Detroit, or some other division of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees of America." Such requirements have been held unconstitutional whenever the courts have passed on them, and the attempt to discriminate is here so gross as to invite judicial condemnation. It would be unfortunate were so interesting an experiment as this to be spoiled by a bold attempt to create a privileged class of citizens.

In a letter to the *Evening Post* of Thursday, Mr. William D. Foulke calls

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attention to the fact that "the last session of Congress was the first one where the House of Representatives did not go through the annual farce of voting down the appropriations for the Civil-Service Commission in Committee of the Whole, before they finally passed them on a count of the yeas and nays," and he expresses the opinion that "the President is entitled to some of the credit for this." It is right to mention this circumstance, although we must tell Mr. Foulke that prominent Congressmen, never distinguished for love of the competitive system, hinted privately at the time that there seemed no reason for making the old fight against the reform when the vitality of the system had been so much reduced as it is now. However this may be, no fair-minded man will ignore, as Mr. Foulke does, the infinitely more important fact that, at the last session of Congress but one, Representative Rodenberg of Illinois not merely shared in the annual farce of voting down the appropriations for the Commission in Committee of the Whole, but was recorded in the negative on the call of the roll; and that it was a man who had thus tried to "starve out" the Commission, whom the President recently appointed as a member of the Commission, to enforce the law which he would like to see repealed. It is not by such tenderness towards "backward steps" on the President's part as Mr. Foulke exhibits in this matter, that politicians are to be convinced that they cannot afford to break personal and party pledges to maintain and extend the reform.

That the Canadians have little to learn from us in the conduct of practical politics is shown in the thrifty arrangement by which the governing party tried to use the census enumerators as party agents. Each enumerator of the Province of Ontario received, in addition to his official papers, a blank to be filled out, which recorded the name, age, politics, nationality, and religious denomination of every male sixteen years of age and over. This very interesting and valuable information was to be returned to no Government office, but to the Liberal candidate in the last provincial election or to the nominee in the next one. Of course the presentation and the filling out of this circular were regarded as acts of sheer good-will on the part of census enumerator and private citizen, respectively, but the carping critics of the Opposition took amiss, as calculated to deceive, the quasi-official form of the circular, and in deference to such criticism the plan was dropped. This shows that, if the Canadians equal us in practical politics, they are still behind us in casuistry. No translaurentian Representative Hull rose to explain that the census enumerator who is content to fulfil only the letter of his contract is a "drone," and unworthy of his appointment.

The present excitement in England over an export tax, partly designed to keep coal from going out, recalls the agitation at the time that import duties were first reduced so as to let coal in. This was in 1824, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to repeal one-half the duty on sea-borne coals. One of Canning's political squibs was provoked by the resulting anger of the mine-owners, and in it he suggested that they ought to regard the scheme as a new kind of Popish plot, the coal being desired to light "new fires in Smithfield." When English taxes became onerous in consequence of the Crimean war, those who had opposed the war as needless and therefore wicked, were entitled to point to their previous warnings John Bright did not hesitate to do so, and when the income tax rose to 16 pence in the pound, he sarcastically congratulated the war party on the fact that each one of them was "carrying a Turk on his back." Mr. Chamberlain may now say that all the Boers he is carrying are dead, but, even so, every corpse costs $5,000, and the burden will cause a stoop in John Bull's shoulders for years to come. And as Lord Salisbury has lived to admit that the Crimean war, with all its terrible sacrifices, was a huge mistake, so a future Prime Minister of England may acknowledge that Chamberlain's war with the Transvaal was a blunder, as needless as costly. Meanwhile, the two great Powers of all the world which had boasted that they were free from the burdens of compulsory military service, under which every workingman has a soldier strapped upon his back, have stupidly bowed their necks to carry Boer and Filipino, thus assuming the taxes necessary to support an army without even getting the army.

If anything is more amusing than the loyalty of that German artist who portrayed as St. Elizabeth of Hungary and her mild-mannered husband the present Empress and Emperor of Germany, it is the general protest that his action has aroused among the devout of either confession. One would suppose that it was a case for laughter rather than for serious discussion—the German war lord as the almsgiving and somewhat henpecked Louis of Thuringia! If offence there were in this quasi-canonization of the imperial pair, it might well have been remembered that the mosaic was, after all, destined for a blind asylum where the offence must be slight. No such considerations, however, touched the ecclesiastical sense of humor, and, in deference to the representations of both the Lutheran and Catholic authorities, the offending mosaic was withdrawn. Should Mr. McKinley ever appear in saintly guise on window or wall of an American blind asylum, even the most hardened Anti-Imperialist would feel that the case called for no stronger protest than a smile.

The French Ministry is planning the general abolition of the "octroi" taxes in the cities. Perhaps nothing strikes the traveller as more "foreign" than this custom of stopping every one at the barriers of a city and exacting payment upon provisions and other imports; and in fact the "octroi" is an oppressive and mediæval form of taxation, which has little in its favor save ease of collection. It is, of course, a simpler matter for the collector to find cabbages in a cart than securities in a safe-deposit box. But the injustice of collecting taxes daily from the farmers who supply the city markets, and of raising the price of food for the poor of the cities, is flagrant. Italy is trying to free herself from such a burden, and France now hopes generally to substitute other taxes for this. Lyons is the first city in which the experiment will be fairly tried, and the attempt to raise the two million dollars of revenue formerly drawn from the octroi by taxes on liquors, leases, and real estate, and by special compensatory taxes falling chiefly on those whom the removal of the octroi most relieves, will be watched with great interest in France and Italy. If this readjustment of taxation at Lyons works well, we may expect to see her lead gradually followed by the cities of France.

The recent popular elections in Rumania challenge comment, if only to point some musty moral concerning the mutability of public favor. In the elections of two years ago the Liberals carried all but twenty-seven seats in the Chamber and Senate. The recent election leaves them in opposition, with a beggarly eleven seats out of 295. Such a victory for the Government is too good to be real. Resting as it does largely upon the gerrymandering of election districts and the supervision of the vote, it puts the Administration in the position of a ship doubly cargoed with ballast—with shifting ballast, too; for a majority of this kind must crumble from its own lack of a cohesive principle. It is a difficulty from which all the southern nations of Europe suffer. Where there are no parties, it is as easy to find a "Ducdame," to call all the political fools into a circle, as it is impossible to hold them there. As the rolling up of a great majority is a mere trick, so the rallying of a dozen groups for the ousting of a Ministry is the cheapest form of parliamentary legerdemain. The lesson of parliamentary government is yet to be learned in Rumania.

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COURAGE.

The debate over President McKinley's proposed degree at Harvard is fairly launched in the press. What troubles members both of the teaching and of the governing bodies of the University is the situation so artfully—or shall we say so naïvely?—created by Senator Hoar. They feel assured, to quote from a private letter from one of their number, "that the great body of younger alumni, besides many of the older, would be as offended at a neglect and slight to the *office* as others would be at the honoring of the *man*." No doubt this is true, but only because they have failed to digest the precedent set in the case of Butler, which, so far as Harvard herself is concerned, is final as to her liberty of action in the premises.

It is idle to say that the office of President of the United States is vastly superior in dignity to that of Governor of Massachusetts. The Governorship had, nevertheless, come to be regularly treated as entitling the holder *ipso facto* to Harvard's doctorate of laws. A single breach in that practice, growing out of consideration of the character of the man, brought the whole fabric to the ground. The degree instantly became worth something, while the office was invested with an added dignity, as reserved, in Harvard's opinion, for men of principle and probity. What is now contemplated, in the name of reverence for the Presidency, is really an attack upon its preëminence. Honors paid to a licentious clergyman, to a quack doctor, to a rogues' lawyer, undermine popular respect for these professions. Just so surely the way to bring the Presidency into contempt is to make of it a blanket to hide the nakedness of the incumbent. This will be felt by the luckless official charged with the duty of preparing the Latin elogy to accompany the bestowal of McKinley's degree.

In a republic like ours, distinctions between office-holder and citizen tend properly and inevitably to be minimized almost to effacement. The universal passion for office is a proof of this, because the vulgarest ambition is capable of being gratified somewhere along the line. At no point in a hierarchy created and maintained by universal suffrage can Office, viewed abstractly, suddenly become an object of worship. Power, patronage, and emoluments will make one more enviable than another, but none can arrogate to itself Gessler's hat and the freeman's uncovering. A United States Senatorship, for instance, has every title to respect, as office, that the Presidency has. In concrete terms, Quay, whom Senator Hoar has never felt ashamed to be associated with at the Capitol, might, at a Harvard Commencement, especially if there by Hoar's invitation, exact university recognition on equal grounds with McKinley. It would only be necessary to "separate the office from the man." Moreover, when we reflect that the President is often chosen by a minority of the electors, it seems incontestable that a mere Presidential *candidacy* should have some claim to the degree of LL.D. Bryan's is the nearest unsuccessful example; and we ask those who (sincerely, we will allow) feel constrained to do more by Mr. McKinley than to be civil to him and to give him a seat on the platform, what their "plain duty" would have been if Bryan had got the votes and the chair of state. That the Corporation and the Overseers would have put the shutters up and gone out of town, on a hint of the peripatetic "Presidency" dropping in on them during his Administration, is as certain as that they did so once on an ill-timed call from the neighboring "Governorship."

The truth is, the doctrine we are now asked to accept in order to help the University out of the embarrassment contrived by Senator Hoar, is a sheer apotheosis of "get there" in politics. Take a position peculiarly qualified to inspire esteem for the holder, namely, that of Federal Civil-Service Commissioner, directing machinery designed to secure capable and honest administration, not by the checks and balances of a counting-room or a fidelity insurance company, but by a common-sense principle of impartial selection of the fittest. It is no exaggeration to say that, as much as to any in the list, appointment to such an office should redound to a man's reputation. Yet why has Mr. Rodenberg even lost reputation by taking it? Because the moral sense of every man of conscience is offended by the ex-Congressman's consenting to assume a statutory function which, as a devotee of the spoils system, he had done his best to impede and abolish. Here we not only perforce separate the man from his office, but from his mode of taking office. And if we judge McKinley's appointment of him candidly, without reference to Harvard commencements and degrees, we must join the President in the same condemnation with Rodenberg, but *à fortiori*. It was *contra bonos mores* on both sides. But then, having been so bold, if we inquire under what circumstance McKinley gained the Presidency in the first instance, we shall find a fresh reason for avoiding paying university honors to that office so long as it is vested in him. It was as deliberately purchased for him in 1896 by money as any article that ever seemed desirable or necessary to Mr. Hanna; it was repaid with a Senatorship for Hanna, and would have been repaid with a Cabinet office but that that worthy declined the cheaper consideration.

A good Catholic may be excused for crossing himself, on reading the Papal year-book, when he comes upon the offices of "Magistrate of Rome" and "Ministry of the Interior," which are not even sinecures, for Leo XIII. has sufficient humor not to fill them. Equally a simulacrum is that Office which it is now sought to personify apart from the humanity that alone gives it the breath of life. The incident of conferring a degree on McKinley, if it come to pass, will emphasize the complete substitution of form for substance in our political evolution. What was it that cajoled us from stage to stage of the descent into war with Spain, against the wishes of the vast majority of all sections of the country? It was: Trust—not William McKinley, but—the *President*. Who was it that was always sagacious, always just, always humane in his arbitrary dispositions regarding the Philippines? Not William McKinley, but—the *President*. Who was it that earned for his Eastern policy as damnatory censure as ever escaped from Senator Hoar's lips? Not William McKinley, the Well-Beloved, but—the *President*. Now comes Harvard to honor neither, but the soulless "Presidency." On these terms, one wonders how long it will be before the Boss-ship steps up for its degree.

We are well aware that we shall be charged with magnifying a mole-hill; but the act contemplated at Harvard—and reluctantly contemplated—cannot be judged apart from the circumstances and the times. The history of the past three years has been one of national helplessness in the face of what friends and foes of Expansion and Imperialism agree in admitting to be a revolution in the nature of our ideals, our professions, and our institutions. This has been largely the result of a prolonged state of war, which in the freest countries on earth has never been effectually controlled by popular sentiment—has, indeed, never failed to enlist public sentiment when once entered on, however improvisedly. But also, and this is the melancholy aspect of it, there has been, in the most moral portion of the community, a want of courage and concert with which generations to come will justly reproach us. Harvard's mole-hill would turn into a mountain if, after the discussion now in progress, the Overseers should steadfastly resolve against throwing the University into the scale of non-resistance. And this mountain would be a beacon of hope to those who still cling to the faith of the fathers as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and the words spoken at Gettysburg.

EXPLAINING IT TO THE CUBANS.

If patronizing condescension were what the Cuban Committee sought in

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coming to this country, they certainly would need to be in no fear of going back empty-handed. All our officials concerned are making ready to take them gently by the hand and explain to them kindly how very silly and childish they are. Senator Cockrell perceives the real trouble with them. They "do not grasp their status." He is going to help the President in the benevolent work of showing the delegates how misled and mistaken they are. So, it is reported, is Senator Platt of Connecticut, author of what the Cubans call "la enmienda Platt." He is thought to be the very one to explain it all to the Cubans.

All this goes, of course, upon the theory that the Cubans are but children crying in the night; that they know nothing of international law; that they have not read the *Congressional Record*, and are wholly unacquainted with the public sayings, three years ago, of those statesmen of ours who now say something wholly different. Senator Platt of Connecticut, for example, might well dread meeting a delegation familiar with his own record. As an explainer, he would have to begin explaining himself. At Philadelphia, week before last, he referred, in a published address, to "certain self-constituted and virulent critics" who maintain that, under the joint resolution of Congress, we are bound to "retire" and have "nothing further to do with the affairs" of Cuba. It is always hard to identify such unnamed critics, but we have detected one of the malicious class in the person of Orville H. Platt, United States Senator from Connecticut. He said in the Senate on April 16, 1898, that if Congress by solemn act, by joint resolution, declared that the people of Cuba were free and independent, "we mean that they are free and independent *in the sense in which we are free and independent*, and when we go to the island of Cuba we must treat that people as a free and independent people."

Well, the joint resolution was adopted in precisely those terms. The question is, therefore, if Senator Platt would consider it the duty of Americans to "retire" from a country which is, according to him, free and independent in the sense in which we ourselves are free and independent. We submit that on his own showing he would be bound to retire, even at the risk of taking his place among the virulent critics. We are aware that he now says that we are under obligation to "provide for the *orderly* continuance of a *genuine* republic" in Cuba. But this is not written in the bond. No word or phrase in the joint resolution can be twisted into such a meaning. We were to stay in Cuba only until the island should be pacified, and we have the certificate of our own Military Governor that it is now pacified. Senator Platt said in Philadelphia that it would be folly to withdraw until we had taken guarantees against "foreign demands." But he answered himself by anticipation in 1898, when he said, what is the undoubted truth, that the Monroe Doctrine is alone a sufficient shield against "foreign interference" in Cuba.

His greatest present fear, however, is that the Cubans are unfit for self-government. The discredit which, in his Philadelphia address, he cast upon their character and their capacity, is not a happy means of ingratiating himself with our Cuban visitors. They might even, on the strength of it, class him among his own "carping critics." But, of course, he and all his fellows go steadily upon the supposition that the Cubans cannot read and have no press. If he imagined that they had access to that not exactly secret document, the correspondence accompanying the Treaty of Paris, he would not have been so rash in exposing himself to confutation out of it. At Philadelphia Senator Platt said, decrying self-government in Cuba, that "the experiment of free government has never been attempted under circumstances less favorable to success." Now this was exactly what the Spanish Commissioners at Paris urged in opposition to ours. They asserted that the Cubans had not the capacity to govern themselves. But what did our Commissioners reply? Why, they said, in the protocol which they filed on October 27, 1898:

> "The American Commissioners are unaware of the ground on which it is asserted in the Spanish memorandum that the United States has been compelled to admit that the Cuban people are as yet unfit for the enjoyment of full liberty and sovereignty. It is true that an intimation of such unfitness was made in the note of the Spanish Government on the 22d of July last. The Government of the United States, in its reply of the 30th of July, declared that *it did not share the apprehension of Spain in this regard.*"

After such language, solemnly held by our accredited Commissioners, who framed a treaty on the theory that the country meant to live up to its pledge to Cuba, it is a little cool for those who now mean to violate it, to dodge and hedge with their belated doubts about Cuban fitness for self-government. Not only in the joint resolution of Congress, but, as we have now seen, in the formal declaration of our Commissioners at Paris, the public faith of this nation is committed to the view that the Cubans are fit to govern themselves. The only honest explanation which Senator Platt and the President can give to the Cuban Committee of the difference between our attitude and utterances in 1898 and in 1901 is that, in the former year, we were not speaking the truth.

THE BRITISH BUDGET.

"You show an ignorant impatience of taxation," Sir Robert Peel is said to have once exclaimed testily, when some of his budget proposals were objected to in the House of Commons. The phrase gave a handle to his enemies, but it was really only a kind of unconscious reflex of Sir Robert's absorbing interest in his own schemes of taxation. English Chancellors of the Exchequer have, indeed, had such great opportunities to make important contributions to the theory and practice of taxation that it is not strange to find them fascinated by their task. No other finance ministers in the world of representative government have so free a hand and so vast a power as they. Yet no others have to run the gauntlet of a keener criticism in Parliament and in the press. The natural result has been to call to the office men of first-class ability. Gladstone, trained in the school of Peel, was undoubtedly the most brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer whom the past century saw; but the names of Robert Lowe, Goschen, Harcourt, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach are enough to suggest the high order of talent and debating power which English public finance has attracted to its official headship. Gladstone's budget speeches were oratorical treats. He had the imaginative power to make the dry bones of malt taxes and stamp taxes live, and a charmed House would listen to his eloquent expositions for four or five hours; their only fear being, as Ben Jonson said of Bacon's auditors, "lest he should make an end." He was also a master of detail and business as well as of rhetoric.

English taxation has the great merit of simplicity of aim. It is for revenue, and revenue only. Ever since the last of the protective taxes were hunted out of their holes by Mr. Gladstone, Chancellors of the Exchequer have simply had to ask themselves the question, "How can I, in the least burdensome and most economical manner, raise the money necessary to carry on the Government?" Of course, in those words "least burdensome" lies a root of social bitterness. In applying that canon of Adam Smith's, that taxation should fall heaviest on those best able to bear it, there is an opening for class distinctions in taxation, if not for discriminations in favor of certain industries. Sir William Harcourt's budget of 1894, with its enormous increases in the death and succession duties, was savagely attacked at the time as Socialistic; but no one has since ventured to propose its repeal. Whatever its social implication, it was a great success as a revenue-producer. Sir William was unconsciously preparing to help finance the Boer war. Under the general head of "estate duties," for example, there was paid in during the past fiscal year the sum of $64,000,000. But for such large returns from such taxes, the Exchequer would have had to borrow more than it has been compelled to in order to develop Mr. Cham-

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berlain's "neglected estates" in South Africa.

But English taxes for revenue only are, nevertheless, not laid in entire oversight of their effect on English trade. The general principle observed is to interfere with trade the least possible. But there must be some interference if there is to be any taxation at all. There are, for example, certain taxes on imported food—or what amounts to food—tea, wines, beer, tobacco. In no case are they equivalent to such a bread-tax as were the corn laws, laid expressly in the interest of English agriculture; and no corn-law rhymer, no Ebenezer Elliott, has ever risen to denounce them. The reason is that these duties are purely revenue taxes. So would be a small tax on sugar, though it might have some incidental effect on the question of sugar bounties. But what working-people are most interested in is the free importation of the materials of manufacture. As Mr. Gladstone clearly laid it down, the way to do the laboring classes the maximum of good is to free the articles which give them the maximum of employment. So there may be food taxes as a necessity of revenue, but we shall not see a Chancellor of the Exchequer daring to levy duties on cotton, or wool, or any of the raw materials of English manufacture.

It is in the light of these well-settled principles of English taxation that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's proposals laid before Parliament on Thursday have to be considered. He closed his financial year with a surplus, above the estimates, of nearly $15,000,000. Almost all of this gain arose from unexpectedly large receipts from the income tax and from customs. Returns from the latter source may well have been swollen temporarily by the rush to withdraw goods from bond before higher duties fell upon them. The surplus, however, would have been a deficit of more than $250,000,000 had not money been borrowed to carry on the war. The total ordinary receipts were about $650,000,000. Supposing that under existing laws they remain at nearly the same figure for the ensuing twelvemonth, how is Sir Michael to cover the difference between them and an estimated expenditure of $940,000,000, including a war estimate of $290,000,000? That, in simple terms, is the problem to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer addressed himself.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was well fitted for the rôle of embodied Nemesis, which he played so successfully. A Tory and a financier of the old school, he was just the man to come forward after a mad Imperialistic dance, with grim reminders that the piper must now be paid. Both of you, he bluntly said to Liberals and Conservatives, have been having your fling in a policy of rioting and extravagance; now settle the bill. The Chancellor's unflinching exposition of the cost of "this small war" (he put the figures at $750,000,000), which he said, in his cold-douche manner, had "brought the Transvaal to the verge of ruin," was a fitting addendum to Sir Alfred Milner's discouraging report from South Africa. In the whole affair M. Bloch will find strong confirmation of his argument that war will soon become impossible through becoming so frightfully expensive. Over a mere difference of two years' time in naturalizing Englishmen on the Rand, Mr. Chamberlain brought on a war which, he has now been compelled to hear his own Chancellor of the Exchequer say, has almost broken the back of English public finance.

For his increase of direct taxation, the Chancellor has gone first to that great resource, the income tax, which has two pence in the pound added to it, making the total fourteen pence. This is the highest rate since the Crimean war, and shows once more who it is that has to "Pay, pay, pay" for a Music-Hall war. Almost revolutionary in English taxation seems, at first sight, Sir Michael's proposal of an export tax of a shilling a ton on coal—an expedient, as the Chancellor himself points out, unknown in England during forty-five years. That this tax is designed not only to raise the estimated $10,000,000 revenue, but in a degree to restrict a trade movement at which England has lately looked with some misgiving, the Chancellor himself admits. "Even supposing," remarked Sir Michael to Parliament, "that export of coal is checked, I am not sure that even that result will be an evil." What he meant may be partly judged from a few figures of recent English trade. Prior to 1894, the largest annual export of British coal had been 31,000,000 tons. As lately as 1898, the total rose no higher than 36,000,000 tons. But from this figure it steadily increased to a total, in 1900, of no less than 46,100,000 tons. An increase of 30 per cent., within two years, in an export which Professor Jevons, thirty years ago, described as a menace to the permanency of England's industrial position, has made many Englishmen stop and think—more particularly since the accompanying rise in the domestic price of coal, as compared with 1897, has amounted to the equivalent of fully three dollars per ton. The ruinous increase in fuel bills of railways and manufactories, and the consequent heavy cut in the profits of such enterprises, were among the most serious handicaps to English industry last year. One interesting economic problem, however, which is still left to be settled, is the question how far even the tax of a shilling per ton will actually curtail exports. It is a little curious that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach while intimating such restriction in trade as probable, nevertheless estimates as the product of the tax a sum which would require a total export fully up to the recent average.

HIGHER EDUCATION MADE IN GERMANY.

M. Gaston Deschamps, in his very entertaining account of recent lecturing experiences in the New England colleges, expresses his surprise at the dependence of American upon German scholarship. At Yale he found that they knew and used the standard German text-books on all subjects, ignoring the French, and generally that in all its higher studies the university looked to Germany. M. Deschamps adds, with a certain bitterness, that the French, who for a generation have done nothing but advertise German methods, are to blame for their own lack of honor in America. M. Deschamps has correctly observed the fact. In a score of lecture-rooms to-day American professors trained in Germany are lecturing in an English intelligible only on condition of having first learned German. And hundreds of incipient Doctors of Philosophy are seeking their academic salvation in "Grundrisse," "Abrisse," "Aufsätze," and "Abhandlungen." But the French observer has curiously misjudged the cause and the importance of this fact of the partial Germanization of the American university.

When Edward Everett and George Bancroft, early in the last century, went to Göttingen, they went not so much for definite facts as for inspiration, and the movement of which they were pioneers has been a veritable evangel of sound learning. As Americans, our inheritance was a certain contempt for science and an invincible confidence in rule of thumb—"the English notion," as Matthew Arnold called it, "that you can do a thing right by doing it, and not first by learning how to do it right, and then doing it." This swaggering insouciance our social conditions have tended to exaggerate, and if it has been corrected, it is largely due to that spirit of disinterested love of science, and of confidence in the ultimate value of the orderly search for any kind of truth, which America has since learned from Germany. Professor Paulsen of Berlin says that you find in the German university "the spirit of inwardness; the calm delight of her employment, the faithfulness of work, and the love of truth." These were things worth studying and worth imitating. And it was properly and worthily the ideal of every young scholar—American, French, or Italian (the English only were blind)—in the fifties, sixties, and seventies, to study in a German university and bring back its degree.

What they sought, to be more specific, was the vaunted scientific method—*wissenschaftliche Methode*. This formidable phrase meant chiefly thorough-

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ness, the willingness to count no fact small and no effort great in the search for truth. It meant, besides unsparing industry in the mere accumulation of facts, a certain constructive quality of mind which mastered the facts and set them in philosophical relations. These qualities the great German scholars, the Grimms, the Diezes, the Rankes, had preëminently; and they held themselves—their knowledge and their ideals—at the disposal of every youngster who sought the life of research. It is one of the proudest titles of American scholarship that it early recognized that intellectual good was to be found in Germany; that it sought it there, and brought it back to be the fruitful principle of our own intellectual life.

To deplore the fact that our scholarship has a strong German tinge would be like apologizing for the loins from which we sprang. And yet it is a question if of recent years we have not followed German methods too exclusively and too unintelligently. You may crack a filbert with a trip-hammer; you may put *wissenschaftliche Methode*, too, to the most trivial uses. The Germans themselves often so misuse it. Scholarship suffers from an enormous overproduction of monographs in which an ambitious method stretches a thin substance to the cracking point. As Kant imagined a pure reason (*Reine Vernunft*), so we are in danger of coming down to pure method (*Reine Methode*). There is a craze, not to prove something valuable, but merely to prove something. Such a *doctorandus* gives two years to prove than an Anglo-Saxon translation of a well-known Latin text is based upon manuscripts of class *x* rather than of class *y*. It is all valuable, but when all is said and done it is matter for a footnote, and the investigation has tested rather the industry than the intelligence of the candidate. For such work one retains a certain respect. But what shall be said of the graduate student who sorts and weighs the descriptive adjective in a popular novel of the day, and proves that on a basis of a thousand the rose is red 333 times; crimson 197; blushing 96? It would not be fair to hold the Germans wholly responsible for such caricature of their method. But they themselves are ready to acknowledge a defect in their scholarship which ours has not escaped. Large intelligence has always been the characteristic of the German scholar. A fine sense of form has rarely been his. The enthusiasm which carries him to a difficult result expires when the result is reached, and the scholar who will give ungrudgingly half his life to the discovery of a new principle, often grudges the time to present that principle clearly and attractively to his colleagues—so much so that it is sometimes as difficult to read the account of a research as to conduct the research anew. This comes partly from a defect in national temperament, but even more from the fact that the German scholar writes only for scholars, and evades the discipline of writing for the larger educated public. In his scorn of the popular he is likely to fall into the formless and the obscure.

Now the sense for form is almost as much a matter of good morals as it is of good taste. French scholarship has it in a high degree. The most erudite scholars write in a form to be read with pleasure by the average person of culture. The most learned among them condescend to present the results of their investigations in popular form. The result is a type of scholar with a juster sense of proportion, a better knowledge of the world in which he lives, and, without any impairment of his position as a specialist, with a far greater influence than is commonly the portion of the German scholar of equal rank.

We have surely gone too far the German way, and when M. Deschamps pokes fun at the German flavor of higher studies at Yale, he touches a sore spot. It is well for us that we have made our own everything that is good in German scholarship. But loyalty to our foster-fatherland need not extend to imitating its defects and accepting its limitations. It is a hopeful sign, from this point of view, that our graduate students look in increasing numbers towards France. French scholarship—and our own traditions may well reinforce the lesson—has this to teach us, that there should be discrimination even in the ardent search for truth, and that a slovenly presentation of results demeans the most notable investigation. Nothing our universities have learned from Germany is to be disowned; an added grace is to be sought—the admirable clearness, intelligence, and attractiveness of Latin scholarship.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

NEW HAVEN, April 19, 1901.

Some years ago, Matthew Arnold, in his peevishness, scolded us because we rejoiced so unnecessarily in the name American. To the hypercritical or fretful there is no object in inquiring whether the offensive fact be founded on the rock of good sense, still less whether the cause the fault-finder assumes be justified in any way. Arnold thought that it was national vanity which induced the super-Americanism he took exception to. But, in point of fact, in the case of our learned societies, most of which prefix "American" to their titles, the cause, far from being vanity, is the excessive modesty which distinguishes all genuine Americans. The Oriental Society, though it preceded the German Oriental Society by several years, modestly admitted, in its prefix American, the precedence of the Royal Asiatic Society, as being essentially the original Oriental society. It is probably on account of the same universal feeling of modesty that somewhere in the outland of the spiritually-minded West there has just arisen a new society, which, being theosophically disposed, has taken to itself the title "American Oriental Psychological Society," thus incorporating, by mere chance, the essential elements in the titles of two more venerable Eastern institutions. As the Oriental Society has no desire to claim any of the glory that may attach to its Western namesake, it may be well to announce at once that the latter has no further connection with it than is made by the complimentary but quite unexpected assumption of the Oriental Society's title.

The annual Meeting of the Oriental Society took place in New York at its regular date, the last three days of Easter week—a time of year appropriate, perhaps, to things Oriental, but usually very inconvenient to the many clerical members, whose duties just then seldom allow them to stray far from home. For this reason it is good to meet on occasion in New York, where some, at least, of the members thus ordinarily prevented from attendance can spare time for one or more of the sessions. Otherwise, it must be confessed, New York is not a very good place to meet in. It is too big, too expensive, and, it may be added, too attractive. Too much time and money is expended in getting about, and in hotels, while even Orientalists have enough Occidental interest in the life here and now to be seduced from the theatre of activity in the East to those on Broadway. Notwithstanding this drawback, however, the meeting was very successful, and the many interesting papers were listened to by audiences that filled a good-sized lecture-room at Columbia, despite the fact that this was the second meeting within a year.

President Gilman found at the last moment that he was unable to attend, his absence being regretted especially since he had promised an address on The Scope of the Society, which was looked forward to with particular interest. As he was reëlected President before the Society adjourned, it may be hoped that this President's Opening Address will not be lost, but will be delivered at the next regular meeting. Another absentee, owing to illness, was Professor Lanman, who is rarely away from the yearly gatherings; but he sent an account of two works which are coming out in the Harvard Oriental Series. Missed, too, was Professor Jackson, who is at present in India.

Among the general papers, which were presented on Friday afternoon, may be mentioned first, as is due to the distinguished scholar whose life-work formed the subject of the address, the Secretary's memorial to the late Professor Salisbury, for many years the stanchest upholder of the Society in more ways than one. A member of the Society for nearly sixty years, almost since its foundation, he was its Corresponding Secretary for eleven and its President for ten years. Incessant in working for the Society, both in contributing articles to its *Journal*, which he largely supported at his own expense, and in inspiring others to write for it, he had perhaps more than any one else an influence for good in the early years of growth, and always aided in the development of the Society in its maturity. To him, from the outset, it was to be an organization which should concentrate activities till then scattered and unshaped. There are, indeed, few liv-

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ing who know how much Professor Salisbury accomplished for the Oriental Society. His own contributions to its *Journal* were numerous and of high character. He was from the first an original investigator, and presented in his various memoirs not only lucid expositions of subjects of which he made résumés, but also special translations of his own from sources till then not used by others. His long career as the Nestor of Orientalists in this country, the distinguished position he held as occupant of the first chair of Sanskrit ever founded in America (and one of the first in any country), his untiring zeal in behalf of the Society, and the liberality, not only of purse but of mind which was characteristic of him, give him a place unique in the history of the country as well as of the Society.

Other distinguished members who had died since the last annual meeting—seldom has the Society had to mourn the loss of so many in one year—were commemorated by different scholars; the life and work of Max Müller, who had been an honorary member for thirty years, being fittingly presented in a paper sent by Professor Lanman, while Professor Toy and others paid tribute to the work of the late Professor Everett.

The impossibility of reading *in extenso* forty papers—somewhat more were offered at this meeting—in the ten hours occupied by the four sessions of a meeting, led some years ago to the establishment of a rule whereby only fifteen minutes are allotted to each paper. In some respects this rule works for the greater happiness of the Society. In the old days it was no uncommon occurrence for a member with more zeal than discretion to revel for half an hour in the reading of a statistical paper, while his patient victims waited with Oriental stolidity for the final summing up. All such matter is now relegated to its proper place, and the members have at least the satisfaction of knowing that results, and not the machinery of a paper, are to be spread before them. But in other regards the promptness with which the fifteen-minute limit is applied, though the necessity of the rule is admitted, brings a keen sense of disappointment. This was the case in the sudden eclipse of the luminous paper offered (and only partly read) by the Rev. Dr. Peters on "Recent Theories of the Origin of the Alphabet," which gave a clear outline of a subject attractive to every member present, few of whom were in a position to gather for themselves data so admirably disposed. So, too, the study of the "Symbolic Gods" offered by Professor Bloomfield had the unusual quality of being intelligible and interesting to both the Aryan and Semitic members, and every one felt it was a pity to have these gods decapitated before they had fairly become familiar. The Society ought really to encourage theosophy enough to annihilate the limitations of time and space. Perhaps a member of some other society which has been in this dilemma and learned how to extricate itself without this last resource, will kindly publish its recipe for an ill which must be common to all such gatherings.

Another interesting paper which had to be unduly condensed was that of Professor Ladd, who described at length a ceremony rarely witnessed by Europeans, the funeral ritual of a Hindu. Some notes on Parsi ritual were contributed also by Professor Jackson in a letter from India sent a week before to the Society. Another letter from the same scholar arrived by post at the exact minute when in alphabetical order the writer's name, as it stood on the list of contributors, should have been called by the Chairman—a Mahâtman-like performance that was quite startling. The letter contained a curious modern folk-tale, picked up at Ujjain, of Kâlidâsa, the great mediæval poet of India, which showed that popular imagination treated him much as it did Virgil in the Middle Ages, making out of the poet a magician who could (though by the aid of the gods, as the pious Hindu interprets it) turn a fish into a holy book, and the water dropping from it into ambrosia.

Falling to the special session of the Section for the Historical Study of Religions, were read several papers of general interest, among which may be named that of Professor Haupt on the "Beginning of the Babylonian Nimrod Epic"; that of Professor Jastrow on the "Hebrew and Babylonian Accounts of the Deluge"; Dr. Johnston's "Fall of Nineveh"; and Dr. Gray's "Indian Parallels to the Apocryphal New Testament." The Semitic contributions outnumbered the Aryan, though not by a large majority, and there were some papers that bridged the chasm between the two different (though allied) camps; while Orient and Occident were united in Mr. Remy's study of "Zoroaster in German Folk-Lore." The presiding officer (and Vice-President), Dr. Ward, described the use of jade celts and cylinders; and a paper, read by Professor Jastrow, was sent by President Warren on pre-Babylonian cosmogony. Other special studies were offered by Professor Barton (on "The Pantheon of Tyre" and the "Blau Monuments"), whose pupil, Miss Hussey, appeared as a new member, not empty-handed, as she brought a paper on cuneiform ideographs. Two other new members came from Johns Hopkins, likewise with tickets of admission in their hands in the shape of interesting papers—Mr. Oussani, who spoke of the Arabic dialect of Baghdad, and Mr. McPherson, who explained the perplexing behavior of Gideon's water-lappers. Other Semitic papers were read on a variety of subjects by Professor Driscoll, Dr. Arnold, Dr. Grimm, Dr. Ginzberg, Mr. Blake, and Mr. Foote. India was represented further by Dr. Ewing and Mr. Schuyler, with papers on the Hindus' notion of breath and their dramatic manuals, respectively; Persia, by Professor Mills, Mr. Yohannan, and Mr. Michelson; and Egypt, by Mr. Dennis. Even Japan had its voice at the meeting, Mr. Fenollosa giving a study of the Japanese lyrical drama; but no one said anything about China.

Of particular interest to the Society was Professor Lanman's announcement in regard to the long-expected translation of the Atharva Veda made by Professor Whitney. This work forms the fifth and sixth volumes of the Harvard Oriental Series. It is not a translation only, as the critical commentary is an important feature of the work. No account so systematic and complete of any Vedic text has ever before been undertaken, and its publication will mark a new epoch in the history of Vedic criticism; while the translation itself will offer important material to students of folk-lore, of the early history of medicine, and of primitive religions.

In the course of the meeting the Society had an opportunity to inspect the unique collection of Avestan manuscripts recently sent to Columbia University by the Parsis of Bombay as a compliment to Professor Jackson. The few rare days of endurable April weather with which the Society was favored, and the hospitality of the local committee, made the Meeting as agreeable physically as it was enjoyable in other regards.

H.

POLITICAL PROBLEMS IN PORTO RICO.

SAN JUAN, April 11, 1901.

The civil government of Porto Rico has been in existence less than one year, but during this time two problems have been solved which presented, probably, as many difficulties as any that will be encountered while Porto Rico remains under a colonial form of government. The first popular election has been held, and the revenue system of the island has been reconstructed. The former passed off creditably, without scandal, and practically without disorder; the latter has now been virtually accomplished, not without opposition and emphatic protest, it is true, but with a diminishing opposition which proves, to the friends of the change at least, not only that some reform was necessary—this was not disputed—but that the steps taken were in the right direction. The election was remarkable chiefly as an exhibition on a grand scale of the part pride plays in the life of the Spanish-American. The Federals became piqued at some alleged injustice in the registration, and the whole party refrained from voting, practically to a man. Commercially, pride makes the Spanish-American the safest creditor in the world; politically, it makes him a sulker. Rebuke him, and he immediately pouts or withdraws or resigns. During the military government of Porto Rico, the Governor-General actually had to issue a general order prohibiting municipal officials from resigning when corrected or slightly censured.

The avowed object of the Federals was to "unite in an eloquent protest of silence." When it became apparent, however, that the legislative session would probably pass without party dissension among the Republicans, and without the passage of a single discreditable or revolutionary law, the policy of silence was abandoned with a crash. The cause or the pretext of this unfortunate emergence from the policy of masterly inaction was the introduction into the Legislative Assembly of a revenue bill known in Porto Rico as the Hollander Bill. Contrary to the reports spread in the United States by the so-called "Porto Rican Commission," the bill was not "railroaded" through the Legislature, but was introduced nine days after the convocation of the Legislature, and consequently was under discussion more than a month and a half. The Revenue Act consists of a property tax, a system of excise taxes, and an inheritance tax. The latter is unimportant *per se*, but it represents a policy of the civil administration that is worth noting. One of the first acts of the military government was to abolish the general system of taxing transfers of property, and the inheritance tax disappeared with this system, of which it was a part. When the Revenue Act came up for consideration, the Administration insisted that the inheritance

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tax should be replaced. They were told that its yield would be insignificant. The reply was, that the tax was intrinsically one of the least objectionable in use; that, as the island increased in wealth, it might become very productive; that the people were accustomed to the tax, and that it would be a mistake to allow it to fall into disuse. In this specific instance the reply may have been right or wrong, but the policy involved is worthy of the highest praise. The Administration has consistently maintained, occasionally at the cost of considerable ill-will, that the future of the island should be protected. The treatment of franchises is a case in point, although illustrations could be multiplied indefinitely. Not a franchise has been granted by the civil government which is not specifically taxable, revertible to the state, and modified by a clause giving the state a share in the proceeds or profits.

The internal-revenue system of Porto Rico is modelled upon that of Mexico, which is far less annoying to producers of the articles subject to taxation, and costs much less to operate and enforce, than that of the United States. Excise taxes are imposed upon alcoholic liquors, tobacco, proprietary medicines, playing-cards, firearms, and matches —matches being practically a mere "supplementary commodity" to cigars and cigarettes in Porto Rico. The rates are in general about one-half of those prevailing in the United States, and the proceeds go to the insular and municipal treasuries, not to that of the United States. It may be worth while, in connection with the criticism of the Hollander Bill, to call attention to the fact that the whole tenor of the interpretation of the internal-revenue laws of the United States by the Federal Courts has been to the effect that these laws apply to subject territory, and that it was at the earnest solicitation of Treasurer Hollander, while acting as Special Tax Commissioner to Porto Rico, that the provision excluding Porto Rico from the operation of the internal-revenue laws was placed in the Foraker Act.

The tax on rum seems to have been the most obnoxious feature of the excise taxes. Under the old municipal octroi, rum paid from thirty-five to forty cents a gallon. Under the new law it will pay a uniform tax of sixty cents a gallon. Naturally, the wildest rumors concerning the destructiveness of the tax have been afloat. The manager of one large hacienda was reported to be dumping his molasses in the river. Investigation showed the report to be absolutely unfounded—the story really deserves stronger language. It was freely predicted that the manufacture of rum would be abandoned, and that the sugar industry, which yields rum as a by-product, would be destroyed. In point of fact, the economic event, *par excellence*, of the civil administration has been the revival of the sugar industry. The reduction of the tariff to 15 per cent. has acted as a heavy bounty, and, despite the additional tax, more rum will be produced in 1901 than in 1900. In the former year, the fifty-four largest distillers of the island produced 801,853 gallons. According to estimates of the same distillers, made under oath and with every inducement to underestimate rather than overestimate, the aggregate production in 1901 will be 881,249 gallons. Peon and planter are able to get as much rum as ever—quite as much as is good for them—and at the same price.

The property tax was designed to take the place of the tariff between Porto Rico and the United States, which expires by limitation on March 1, 1902, but which, according to the official programme of the Republican party, will be abolished, by request of the Legislative Assembly, next December. The tax was imposed in accordance with specific provisions of the Foraker Act, which authorizes the imposition of "taxes and assessments on property, and license fees for franchises, privileges, and concessions," and is essentially similar to the familiar property tax of the United States. Tools, furniture, wearing apparel, religious, scientific, and charitable societies, and the property of persons owning less than $100 are exempt. Mortgages are treated as an interest in the property; and unless they contain some clause making the taxes payable by the mortgagor, are taxed to the mortgagee with a corresponding exemption to the mortgagor. Debts may be subtracted from credits; and corporations are treated substantially the same as individuals.

The property tax and its provisions are as interesting for what they displace as for what they are. In the first place, the law provides for a force of permanent and salaried collectors, instead of a number of tax-gatherers drawing 8 per cent. of the amount of their collections. In the second place, it will give an insular assessment, instead of an unsystematic and haphazard valuation at the hands of nearly 200 disconnected local boards appointed by the various municipal councils. That the old method of assessment was bad, follows from the mode of appointing the assessors; just how bad it was may be gathered from the fact that under the old law, with no exemption limit, there were a little over 40,000 taxpayers on the rolls; while under the new law, which exempts every person whose property is worth less than $100, there will be more than 60,000 taxpayers.

Probably the most desirable change effected by the bill was the repeal of the industrial and commercial tax and of a number of *octroi* or municipal *consumo* taxes. The latter require no comment; they have been unanimously condemned by writers upon finance from Adam Smith to Professor Bastable, and their history in Porto Rico bears out all that has been said against them. The former was a system of license taxation under which the assessment of a business house was determined by the nature of the business and the size of the town in which it was established. The latter standard was thoroughly illogical; the former exposed the law to systematic abuse the like of which is unknown in the most ring-ridden American municipality. The industrial and commercial law, it is said (and the story is true in spirit if not in letter), was framed by the Spanish as opposed to the Porto Rican merchants, "to push and pull with"—to push your competitor out of business, and to pull about as you wished when your own rating was under consideration. Characteristic and perfectly credible instances of the abuse of this tax may be found in *Harper's Weekly* of February 16, from the pen of an apparently disinterested correspondent. One of them I know to be authentic. An electric-lighting company, paying the industrial and commercial tax, as such, imported a cargo of coal. The municipality promptly imposed an *octroi* of sixty cents a ton. Upon its refusal to pay the tax, the company was immediately assessed $750 as an importer, and, when it leaked out that the coal had been paid for by a draft drawn on New York, an additional $750 was clapped on, the excuse being that a person who draws drafts is a banker and must be taxed as such.

The "Porto Rican Commission" and other critics of the property tax are not saying much about the rate of the property tax; a maximum rate of one per cent. for insular and local purposes is not calculated to arouse widespread sympathy in the United States. The strong point of the Commission has been the provision of the law which limits the period in which property sold for taxes may be redeemed, to three months. This part of the Revenue Law is based upon the old Spanish Collection Law, which, in many respects, was greatly superior to similar laws in the United States. Every one knows that the laws respecting tax sales are practically non-operative in most sections of the United States; they are complicated, cumbersome, and so defective that the tax sale has become a farce, in which the property is knocked down for a song to some speculator, who is willing to risk a little money in the hope of making a great deal. The owner is practically dispossessed, the purchase becomes a speculation, and the net result is uncertainty and expensive litigation. The Spanish law, on the other hand, was at least an effective law: it brought the tax-dodger to book with inevitable regularity, and titles acquired in tax sales were good titles. It had its defects. The sale was conducted by an *apremiador* appointed for the special purpose, who added his expenses and a commission of seven per cent. to the amount of taxes to be collected by the sale; and no period of redemption was allowed.

When the time came to adopt some method for the sale of delinquent taxes under the new law, it was decided that an attempt should be made to provide a procedure that would be less costly to the delinquent and less liable to abuse by irresponsible officials than the Spanish system, but which, in the case of confirmed or vicious tax-dodgers, would prove absolutely effective. To meet these requirements the old Spanish procedure was modified so that no sale can take place without the written consent of the Treasurer; sales will be conducted by the regular collectors, without extra charge or commission; and a short period of redemption has been granted. Under the present civil administration a thorough revision of the old tax rolls and a firm administration of the laws have resulted in an increase of more than 100 per cent. in the average monthly receipts from the old direct taxes. Notwithstanding this increase, there has not been a single sale of real property for taxes, and there is no reason to believe that this policy will be changed. But it was the effectiveness of the law which made the sale unnecessary.

The assessment of property has now been practically completed, with the result that the taxable property of the island is found to be worth just $100,000,000 in round figures. Two hundred and twenty-five assessors, of whom more than two hundred are Porto Ricans, were employed during the month of March, and about seventy-five of these will sit ten additional days as boards of revision. As the assessment has proceeded and the people have become thoroughly acquainted with the Revenue Act, criticism

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in Porto Rico has disappeared. For a while, Treasurer Hollander went about, sorely against his will, with a detective at his heels; at present, he would meet with a cordial reception in almost every town in the island.

As a matter of fact, the early criticism of the bill was based almost entirely upon ignorance. A few days before the bill was passed, a large delegation of influential business men visited the Treasurer to protest against the bill. Their criticisms and suggestions were so wide of the mark that the Treasurer was led to inquire how many of the delegation had read the bill. Not one of them had, or even possessed an accurate general idea of the bill's import. Printing facilities in Porto Rico are so limited that the law could not be widely circulated. The "Porto Rican Commission" complained that they could not secure a copy of the bill until the day before they sailed. Now that a knowledge of the law has disarmed criticism in Porto Rico, the campaign has been transferred to the United States, where ignorance of the law and of Porto Rico and its conditions makes misrepresentation comparatively safe. I may mention one characteristic misstatement because its falsity may be shown in a few words. It has been stated in a responsible New York paper that the supervisor of assessment is a young and inexperienced man who has been in Porto Rico but a short time, and has neither a knowledge of Spanish nor adequate training for his present work. The present supervisor, in point of fact, landed in Porto Rico just thirty days after the American army; went into the real-estate business, and devoted himself to a systematic study of real-estate conditions. When the time arrived for the execution of the election law, he was placed in charge of the registration and election, and conducted this difficult work so satisfactorily that the Governor determined to make him a Judge in one of the Porto Rican courts, and it was only at the earnest solicitation of the Treasurer that his appointment was deferred until the work of assessment could be finished. The gentleman in question is a lawyer and a college graduate, and not only speaks Spanish, but French and German as well. T. S. A.

Correspondence.

MORALS AND RELIGION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not very long ago I read in a religious journal the obituary of one who was instrumental in building the American College in Turkey. It is generally supposed that, in such a memorial, the writer notes those transactions of which he and his friend when alive would be proud, and which could be referred to with satisfaction. It appears from the obituary that the ground for the contemplated college had been secured, but permission to build thereon was withheld for some years. The promoter at last found his opportunity. A prominent naval officer, Admiral Farragut, was about to make an official visit to Constantinople, and he was requested by the promoter to ask one question of every Turkish official whom he might meet, and to make no reply to any answer he might get. The question was: "Why is not the American College built?" This question was thus put until a prominent Turkish officer asked the instigator of the scheme "why the great Admiral was asking this question. Was he sent to see that the college was built?" The answer to this question was "skilfully evaded." The whole intent of this chicanery was to create the impression that Farragut and his ship had been sent to secure the building of the college. I have not yet seen any condemnation of this trick. Of course, the tone of the paper is moral and religious; but one such instance of successful lying will offset a large amount of pious reflection.

We have the indemnity for the destruction of the college at Harpoot mixed up with the price of a gunboat, and, so far as the public is aware, there is a willingness to receive it in this fashion. As if Paul would have consented, for the loss of all his goods and for his bodily sufferings, to have taken a lump sum mixed up in the cost of a trireme for Elymas, the sorcerer. While the Turk has so far managed to hold his own, his less fortunate heathen brother of China not only has not escaped, but has actually reversed the experiences of the early martyrs, who took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, in that he, under proper manipulation, gladly parts with his goods to reimburse the losses of his Christian brothers. Surely the various societies at home having agents abroad owe it to all interested to make full inquiry into these matters, and if the Babylonish garment and wedge of gold be found with any of them, while I would not urge the punishment that befell their great prototype, some action should be taken to show the heathen in his darkness that his teacher must at least observe the doctrines he teaches.

A writer in a recent religious journal, the *Outlook*, defends the collection of the now notorious one and one-third, on the ground that it is the custom of the country, and a prominent authority on international law in the same issue defends Funston's forgery, on the ground that the Filipinos were not signers of the Hague Convention, and hence were not entitled to its benefits and immunities. As they were not invited thereto, and would not have been permitted to participate if present, it is hard to see how they could have availed themselves of its provisions, but easy to see the degradation of their conquerors by the violation on their part of its laws.

Only a week ago my own religious journal, while admitting the fearful effects of war in the demoralization of the public conscience and general depravation of morals, lest I should think that it alone would work this evil, informed me that peace and prosperity are "liable to develop a moral corruption equal to that which follows war." The corollary of this proposition is, I suppose, that a good, hard war is a panacea for the evils of peace. But how is war to be cured, as peace is no better in its effects and leads to the same deplorable results?

G. F.

Baltimore, April 16, 1901.

LITITZ AND EPHRATA IN 1852.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If many of your readers were as much interested as I was by the notice of Ephrata in your last number, they may find some amusement in my early recollections of the place evoked by that pleasant article.

It was in September of 1852 that I drove with a party of friends from Lancaster, Pa., to the Moravian village of Lititz, there being at that time no railroad within six or seven miles. Lititz then consisted of one long street, paved with cobblestones, without sidewalks, between two rows of low stone houses a story and a half high, with deep eaves, penthouses, stoops, and front doors opening in half, horizontally, as though for the let and hindrance of small children. The small windows were full of flowering plants. At either end of the street was a good-sized square building two or three stories high (brick, if I remember right), one a boarding-school for boys, one for girls. They stood each within a paling in a little park (to use the word in the French acceptation) of perhaps an acre, laid out in straight walks, grass-plots, and flower-beds, with great box-bushes, clipped into the shapes of globes, pyramids, and hour-glasses. There were signboards in English and German courteously beseeching visitors not to molest "the little birds"—a touch of tenderness which apparently appealed to the feathered folk, as even at that late season these enclosures were open-air aviaries, vocal with the warbling of spring and summer. No carriage, horse, mule, or cow was allowed thoroughfare of this single street, and as we walked from end to end on the penitential cobblestones, my friends told me some of the strict, quaint rules and customs of this place. None but Moravians were allowed to settle there; no private house must be higher than its neighbors; no two persons must follow the same calling; there was, therefore, but one shoemaker, one carpenter, one butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, etc. Whether this system produced skilled labor or kept up prices, I did not ask, being only seventeen and unconcerned with political economy. I believe that some of the Lancaster gentry patronized the Lititz handicraftsmen, and that the place had its peculiar industries, of which, however, I can remember only certain striped globules of candy, almost too large for an average mouth, yet defying the strongest teeth, inducing absolute silence as they melted under the palate. These were called dough-balls—I never could guess why—and were dear to schoolboys and girls beyond the limits of Lancaster County, or even of the State, and, as far as I know, they were a specialty of Lititz. I had not been to Europe since early childhood, and this place struck me as more foreign than any I could call to mind. It was difficult to believe that this was America; one seemed to be in a dream suggested by Grimm's Household Tales or some story of Hans Andersen's. Since then I have been to Germany and the Low Countries, and the prim cleanliness of the typical Dutch village, and the quaintness of Nuremberg in 1870 (without its picturesqueness), strongly recalled the little Moravian town of central Pennsylvania.

One end of the Lititz street led to a grassy walk under a double row of large button-woods beside a stream flowing in a straight paved channel from a great transparent spring, which broke through the base of a low hill and formed an irregular basin well shaded by old trees. This was a favorite resort of young men and maidens, but when we were there not a soul was to be seen nor a sound to be heard except the birds. The purity of the water, the shade, the quiet, the sense of peace, affected me so deeply that I

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expressed a premature wish to be buried there.

From Lititz to Ephrata it was between seven and ten miles further into the country, which lost some of its agricultural character and became more thickly wooded and hilly, with an intimation of not distant mountains. As we drew near the old Dunker settlement, however, the land was well farmed, and the general aspect reminded me of the approach to the Shaker tract at Lebanon, N. Y.; even the two big buildings, the Brothers' and Sisters' houses, and the great barns and other outbuildings, suggested the abodes of those thrifty celibates. But while Lebanon and Tyringham in Massachusetts were buzzing with an industry, energy, and commercial sharpness which tended little to religious seclusion, and did not point directly towards the extinction of our sinful race, silence and solitude brooded over the cloister homes of the Dunkers. The two houses were constructed on the same plan; they were square and had, I think, three stories. In each story there was a room some twenty feet square and high in proportion. This was for general social reunions, I understood, but exclusively for the inmates of that house—the Brothers and Sisters met only in the chapel, which was on the ground floor and inscribed with German sentences, my friend said, of an age so remote that no one living could decipher them. The three aged Sisters, clad in black, whom we found at work sewing or knitting in one of the living-rooms repeated this assertion. I do not remember the dining room or refectory; the bed-rooms were small whitewashed cells, with a wooden bench or bunk crossed at one end by a log slightly hollowed, for the sleep of the just. We did not enter the Brothers' house, which was in all respects like the Sisters'; the sole male servitor of the community was a venerable figure with a gray, forked beard, chopping wood in the yard. When we reached the chapel, which was under the roof of the Sisters' house, we found wooden benches and whitewashed walls inscribed, in clear black lettering of very good pattern, with the mysterious verses, which were merely texts from Luther's Bible.

The Sisters were simple, kindly, intelligent women, not without education (they could read English and "Pennsylvania Dutch," though not pure German); they were serious, as well became the last of a fraternity once so flourishing, yet they were not melancholy. When they three and the old Brother should die, that would be the end of the Dunkers of Ephrata. But we were sad as we took leave of them and set out on our long sunset drive. We were old enough to feel the spirit of the past in men and things, but too young to follow out plain logical consequences. I knew that, in the seventeenth century, books in Latin and German were printed at Ephrata; beautifully illuminated music was engrossed there to be sung by the choruses of the devout. I had seen a book, entitled "Delicia Efratensis' (I would not now swear to this *f*), which I remembered as a specimen of fair typography with a graceful colophon. The ancestor of friends of mine had been educated there, and had corresponded for years afterwards in Latin with the learned head of the community; Sauer had printed his Bible in a house belonging to the same family, which was still pointed out in Germantown as late as 1860. Beside the Wissahiccon, then a wild, wooded stream, to be reached mainly by footpaths, but crossed at intervals by mill-roads, were the ruins of a Dunker monastery. In a little overgrown graveyard of Mt. Airy, a bent old man, hatless, with long, gray hair, and forked gray beard, the very incarnation of Father Time, used to be seen mowing the high grass with a scythe. His name was Heilig (holy), his secular occupation clock-mending, and he was the sexton of a little church which held, I was told, the last handful of Germantown Dunkers. But Ephrata I had imagined as the abbey, the stronghold, and sacred seat of the sect.

This was what I found it in 1852. I do not know whether any trace of it exists. I have not been there since, nor to Lititz, which, however, now has a railroad, a hotel, and is open to all comers. The Moravian heart of the place is dwindling into the kernel of a constantly enlarging pulp of busy worldly prosperity like Bethlehem on the Lehigh, so lovely and tranquil fifty years ago. But these are my school-girlish recollections of those haunts of primitive piety. I cannot vouch for their accuracy even at this time; only for the depth and distinctness of my impressions. S. B. W.

April 17, 1901.

Notes.

Ginn & Co., Boston, have in press or in preparation 'A History of English Literature,' by Prof. Francis B. Gummere of Haverford and Alfred C. Garrett of Harvard; 'A Plot-Book of Some Elizabethan Plays,' by Prof. Geo. P. Baker of Harvard; 'A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges,' by Profs. W. G. Hale and Carl D. Buck of the University of Chicago; 'Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Latin Verb,' by Prof. Hale; 'A Grammar of Oscan and Umbrian Dialects,' by Prof. Buck; Cicero's Orations and Letters, edited by Profs. Greenough and Kittredge of Harvard; 'A History and Description of Roman Political Institutions,' by Prof. Frank Frost Abbott of the University of Chicago; 'A Practical German Grammar,' by Prof. George Hempl of the University of Michigan; 'Original Investigation; or, How to Attack a Geometrical Exercise,' by Elisha S. Loomis; 'Elementary Physical Geography' and 'Manual of Physical Geography,' by Prof. William M. Davis of Harvard; 'The Stars in Song and Legend,' by Jermain G. Porter; and 'Old Indian Legends,' by Zitkala-Ša.

Shortly to appear from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are a new volume of poems by William Vaughn Moody; 'Everyday Birds,' by Bradford Torrey; 'John Marshall,' by Prof. J. B. Thayer (in the Riverside Biographical Series); and 'Substitutes for the Saloon,' by Raymond Calkins.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. are to reprint Croly's 'Tarry Thou till I Come; or, Salathiel, the Wandering Jew,' freely illustrated, partly in color, by T. de Thulstrup.

The Pilgrim Press, Boston, will soon publish a volume of Orations and Addresses by the late Dr. R. S. Storrs.

'The Social Problem,' a critique of John Stuart Mill's school of political economy, is promised shortly by James Pott & Co.

George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, will presently issue 'The Fallen God, and Other Essays in Literature and Art,' by Joseph Spencer Kennard, with illustrations; and 'A Book of Bryn Mawr Stories,' by Margaretta Morris and Louise Buffum Congdon.

'A Little Book of *Tribune* Verse,' by Eugene Field, is about to be published by Tandy, Wheeler & Co., Denver, Col.—gleanings from the Denver *Tribune*, with which the poet was connected for two years.

Quite the most formidable challenge to long purses that we remember to have recorded is the proposed subscription to a set (of twelve) of the "St. Dunstan Illuminated Volumes" undertaken by George D. Sproul, No. 150 Fifth Avenue. These quarto embodiments of old Omar, Shakspere's Sonnets, Petrarch's, Mrs. Browning's from the Portuguese, Tennyson's "Holy Grail" and "Guinevere," Drake's "Culprit Fay," Rossetti's "Vita Nuova," Milton's "Comus," and Spenser's "Epithalamium" are intended as shining examples of "a revival of the lost art of illumination" through the instrumentality of Mr. Ross Turner and the University Press of Cambridge, Mass. The subscription price of $12,000 includes binding in individual fashion by Trautz-Bauzonnet. We can only say that the prospectus gives every evidence that taste and skill will preside over the typography at least.

We printed early in January a detailed announcement of the intention of the Archæological Institute of America to print a final Report on the remarkable excavations conducted under its auspices at Assos in 1881-1883. We are now informed that more than half the necessary two hundred subscribers to the work have been secured, but appeal must still be made to fill out the quota. "The book," writes Prof. C. E. Norton, "is desired by students not only in this country, but also in Europe. It will do credit to America, and it would be matter of regret on many accounts were its publication to fail through lack of support." A prospectus, with specimen illustrations, will be sent to any address by the Treasurer, Mr. W. F. Harris, No. 8 Mercer Circle, Cambridge, Mass. The subscription is fixed at $25.

Albert Dürer's designs, intended to illustrate the Revelation of Saint John, and embodied in the most elaborate woodcuts of his time, are reproduced by photographic process and published by R. H. Russell. The reduction is to half the width and length, but this does not involve the making of pictures too small for a fair presentation of the designs, for the original prints are very large, nearly eleven by fifteen inches within the black outline. The enterprise has been guided by Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, who has contributed a very interesting introduction, giving at once an account of the original woodcuts, their price, and their estimation in Dürer's time: the probable eagerness of Dürer to attack, in this way, the Roman hierarchy of the epoch; the ready curiosity which he is known to have felt and followed up in regard to strange forms of beast and fish, horn and wing: the daring of the artist, and his immense services to wood-engraving and to descriptive design. It is a good preface, in which one regrets only a somewhat too partisan Protestant leaning. The book is covered with rough-surfaced leather, stained crimson.

There seems to be a lively demand for books containing short sketches of the lives of the great composers. The latest two that have come to us are 'Masters of Music,' by Miss Anna Alice Chapin (Dodd, Mead & Co.), and 'First Studies in Music Biography,' by

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Thomas Tapper (Philadelphia: Theodore Presser). Miss Chapin has selected twenty masters, from Palestrina to Wagner, and woven the most picturesque incidents in their lives into more or less connected stories. Her book is for young folks, and will entertain them, as it is full of anecdotes and dwells especially on the human side of the composers. Mr. Tapper's book is also intended for beginners, but it gives more attention to the works of the masters than Miss Chapin's does. Only ten masters are discussed in this volume. Each sketch is followed by a tabular view, to aid the memory, and by a series of questions which add much to the value of the book. The author presupposes that the reader will continue to learn, and will therefore extend his investigation of the subject to other books; but he omits to give a list of such as would be most useful for that purpose.

A set of impressions or sketches entitled 'French Life in Town and Country,' by Hannah Lynch (Putnams), may fairly lay claim to more intimate knowledge of a not very accessible subject than is common with many foreign writers on France. These *causeries*, however, show more familiarity with life in the upper and the lower social strata than among the vast intervening medley of the bourgeoisie. For instance, as regards the habits of small parsimony with which the French are so often charged, it should be acknowledged that, in a well-to-do professional or commercial *milieu*, anywhere in the country, domestic comfort and hospitality harmonize perfectly with sensible thrift. In judging of character, customs, manners, and so forth the author's point of view remains essentially foreign; this may help to account for the *hors d'œuvre* to which her readers are treated in the form of an arraignment of Jesuit education, conventional sneers at the French Academy, and special tirades at plausible but rapacious landladies.

This being the year when Alfred's "millenary" is to be celebrated—July seems now to have been fixed upon, at Winchester—there is a special appropriateness in Mr. Warwick H. Draper's 'Alfred the Great: A Sketch and Seven Studies' (Elliot Stock). The subject is appropriate to the year, and the writer, who shows on the title-page as "late scholar of University College, Oxford," is appropriate to his subject; for since he belongs to the college in connection with which Alfred's name has been taken in vain, there is nothing invidious in his giving an account of the founder and the foundation of his college in an unambiguous "study" entitled the Oxford Myth. His life of Alfred is carefully done, and he would have freed Alfred completely from the disfiguring cloud of old-wives' tales which have gathered around him, if he had not a weakness for the notion of Alfred as in a certain sense the founder of the English navy. The sense in which Alfred can be credited with founding the English navy is very far-fetched indeed; else how came it that there was no navy to defend the English coasts against Norman invaders? Mr. Draper would have done better to leave Alfred as the founder of a navy to the more florid dissertation on Alfred for which Sir Walter Besant not many years ago made himself responsible. But this is a very small flaw in a most serviceable book. There is a great deal of very accurate archæology in Mr. Draper's seven studies appended to the life; particularly useful is his account of "Alfred as a Man of Letters," of "The Vale of the White Horse," and of "Alfred's Burial-place." Among the illustrations, the frontispiece and the thirteenth-century MS. portrait of Alfred, the cuts of Alfred's Jewel, and the sketches of Athelney and of the White Horse of Ashdown are specially interesting, as are the antiquities of the ninth century given opposite page 34. There is a curious pointlessness for the American reader about the preface written by Dr. Percival and signed "J. Hereford."

The tenth of the world's islands in size, if not in importance, is at length endeavoring, through railroads and advertisements, to attract the attention it deserves. Politically Newfoundland is likely to be prominent in the near future through the expiry of the modus vivendi between the British and French Governments as to the ambiguous fishing rights of the latter Power over 700 miles of its coast. As, admittedly, these rights have ceased to be of any notable pecuniary advantage, nothing but the excusable sensitiveness on the part of the French to part with one of the few remaining vestiges of their American empire embarrasses the negotiations. Meanwhile, access to the island has been made regular instead of intermittent by the establishment of a steam ferry from Sydney, Cape Breton, to Port aux Basques, the southwestern terminus of the Newfoundland Railroad; and travel across the island has been made rapid and comfortable by modern train service. Thus the exquisite scenery and excellent fishing of the west coast, the best deer-hunting accessible to our sportsmen (on the Barrens of the interior), and the deep fiords of the Atlantic Coast can now be readily reached. It is with a view to bringing these advantages to the knowledge of our sun-baked summer tourists that the Government of Newfoundland has issued a compact and handsomely printed handbook, illustrated with maps and half-tone engravings: 'Newfoundland in 1900: A Treatise on the Geography, Natural Resources, and History of the Island, Embracing an Account of Recent and Present Large Material Movements' (St. Johns, N. F.; S. E. Garland; New York: The South Publishing Co.).

Attention may be drawn to an index to American portraits, by Bunford Samuel, in the April number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*. Mr. Samuel's scheme includes references to fifteen magazines, English and American and one French, ranging from 1732 to 1851. The gallery thus obtained is extended by reference to seven other magazines (1821-1896) for the same subjects. For instance, John Adams is cited from the *European Magazine*, August, 1783, and this entitles him to a selection from any or all of the seven sources last named. As a matter of fact, Mr. Samuel does more, for he includes portraits of Adams from nine books. The curious can compare the work of engravers after the same original, as, to stick to our example, there are five engravings after Gilbert Stuart's John Adams. The engraver's name is given where known.

The desolate region in Arizona and Mexico traversed by the old Yuma trail is described by Mr. W. J. McGee in the *National Geographic Magazine* for April. He attributes its transition from "populous activity to utter desert" to the "long-continued and short-sighted overtaxing of its meagre resources" by the Caucasians who succeeded the semi-migratory Papago Indians; and he calls attention to the fact that other regions in the West are suffering in like manner through the destruction of forests, injudicious cultivation and grazing, and the exhaustion of the water supply. Gen. Greely contributes a summary of the geographical explorations of the last century, and Señor Dr. Navarro of this city gives some interesting facts about the Mexico of to-day. Among these are some encouraging educational statistics, as that in 1898 Mexico had 130 public libraries. He refers further to legal provisions denying the right to religious corporations to hold real estate in any form, the object being "to prevent the stagnation of real estate constantly produced by those corporations having two characteristics—indefinite duration and possession in common." This interdict has a special interest in view of the serious difficulty with respect to the landed property of the religious orders in the Philippines.

A general survey of our foreign trade is the leading feature of the Consular Reports for April. It is accompanied by an interesting map showing the distribution of our exports of manufactures, so that the general character of our trade with each country may be seen at a glance, as, Peru, tools, hardware; Tripoli, machinery; Fezzan, jewelry, wooden houses! Notwithstanding the marvellous growth of our commerce in the last decade, the United States has a smaller merchant marine than Germany, even though the vessels of the Great Lakes be included. Of the Council of Labor which has just been authorized for Marseilles, it is stated that it will consist of three elements, employers and employees, elected by their respective syndicates, and *prud'hommes*. This *conseil des prud'hommes* is an ancient Marseillaise institution, dating back to the Roman times. It consists of employers and employees in equal numbers, and has for its object the settlement of all labor disputes. It is said that "the judgments rendered are highly respected, and very rarely reversed by the superior courts." The scope of the new council is broader, its mission being to give advice upon all questions bearing upon labor. It will be divided into six sections for the consideration of matters relating to each department of industry.

The 'Report of the Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey for 1899,' which is just at hand, contains less matter of scientific importance than usual. Nearly two-thirds of the total 960 pages are devoted to the subject of levelling, and a large part of this space is filled with mere descriptions of points whose elevations have been obtained. The old method of precise levelling has been found to be affected with marked temperature errors, owing to the slowness with which the operation was conducted, and accordingly a more rapid process has been introduced. The transcontinental line of precise levels has now reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and is being pushed forward to the Pacific Coast. The magnetic work has been extended, and the results of a complete magnetic survey of North Carolina are given. The California-Nevada boundary, begun several years ago, but interrupted on account of lack of appropriations, has been completed by the establishment of a line 400 miles long, from Lake Tahoe to the Colorado River. Extensive hydrographic and topographic operations have been carried on at the mouths of the two greatest rivers of Alaska, the Yukon and the Copper, with a view to determining

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the best route of entrance for ocean steamers. Accurate maps have been made of the passes at the head of Lynn Canal and the adjoining region. An important achievement was the establishment of compass ranges on the coast of California for the use of vessels. The number of hydrographic and topographic charts issued in 1899 was 83,197, in addition to numerous tide-tables and directions to mariners. The expenses of the Bureau for the year amounted to $625,000, which enabled field work to be carried on by sixty-eight parties. A distinctive flag has been adopted for the Survey, as also a special one for its Superintendent, these being shown in gay colors in a frontispiece to the report.

A notorious instance of the ever-present influence of the money power in the political affairs of the world is the turning of the scales in favor of Charles V. by the Fuggers, at the time of the rivalry between the houses of Valois and Hapsburg for the Imperial Crown. Four years after the election, Jacob Fugger could write to the Emperor: "It is known and evident that your Imperial Majesty could not have obtained the Roman Crown without my aid." Dr. Richard Ehrenberg, writing in the April *Rundschau* on the "Origin and Significance of Large Fortunes," declares, on the basis of investigations of his own, this bold statement to be fully justified by the facts: it was the credit of the Fuggers, withheld from Francis I., that determined the choice of the Electors. Ranke, in his account of the election of Charles V., does not state the case quite so bluntly, but there is no conflict between his statements and Ehrenberg's.

The publications of the German book trade in the year 1900 numbered 24,792, showing an increase of 1,077 over the preceding year. In examining a table, printed in *Hochschul-Nachrichten* for March, it is interesting to notice an advance along the whole line of the eighteen classes in which the publications are arranged, with the exception only of works on military science and of "sundries." The largest increase is found in works on jurisprudence and political science (from 2,313 to 2,599), which is probably due to the introduction of the new code on January 1, 1900, and in the department of natural sciences and mathematics (from 1,233 to 1,390). The German universities issued 2,342 publications from August 15, 1899, to August 14, 1900. Of these, 2,109 were dissertations and theses, and the University of Erlangen enjoys the questionable fame of heading the list with 225. One hundred and fifteen *doctores juris* went forth from this comparatively small university, to nine from Berlin, seventeen from Munich, three from Bonn, one from Leipzig, and none from Heidelberg, which, a generation ago, was the Mecca of law students bent upon winning their academic degree on the easiest conditions.

—The single section L-Lap, with which Mr. Bradley introduces the sixth volume of the Oxford English Dictionary (New York: Henry Frowde), is most remarkable as the beginning of what is probably the middle volume of the series. But in the prefatory announcement, "with the profoundest regret," of the death of Dr. Fitzedward Hall, there is a sad reminder how many laborers have already fallen by the way ere this gigantic enterprise has been half completed. It so happens, says the editor, that "the latest page which contains his [Dr. Hall's] additions is that with which the [present] Section ends." The letter L itself is, of course, the first rubric, and furnishes another nut for phonetic reformers who are (literally) "all ears" when attempting to improve our English spelling. "In certain combinations an original *l* has regularly [there is, then, a method in our madness] become silent after having modified the sound of the preceding vowel. In most of these cases the *l* is still written, and serves to indicate [to the eye] the pronunciation of the preceding vowel. The following combinations of letters . . . . may be regarded as compound phonetic symbols of almost unvarying value," to wit, *alf, alve, alm, alk, aulk, aulm, olk*. Much more frequently in the dialects, and especially in Scotch, than in standard English, this silence has obtained. No American contributor to the Dictionary appears to have furnished it with a quotation for L=elevated, as in New York's "L-roads." Historical up-to-dateness is visible in a South African military quotation from the *Times* of October 25, 1899, for *laager*. Under *lady*, the original correspondence of lord and lady is pointed out, and the subsequent extension of lady to correspond with gentleman. But, "as the traditional association of *lady* with *lord* still survives, the former is a title of ostensibly higher dignity than *gentleman*. Hence, and not directly as the result of the sentiment of gallantry, the customary order of words in 'ladies and gentlemen.'" Further on in the same article it is remarked that the broad use of lady for wife or consort was prevalent in the eighteenth and the former half of the nineteenth century, "but is now regarded as vulgar, especially in the phrase *your good lady*." Hence it follows that what is regarded as vulgar affectation when "John Jones and lady" is entered on our hotel registers, is a mere survival. In printing "lamb-like, lamblike," the Dictionary reflects the divided usage in the case of this suffix as respects the hyphen. The *b* being a silent letter here, the hyphen is perhaps to be preferred, as preventing (say, on the part of a foreigner) such a pronunciation as lam-blike.

—Parts 3-5 of the exemplary 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana (1847-1899)' issued through Ulrico Hoepli in Milan (New York: Lemcke & Büchner) carry the work on to Cesare Cantù, that prolific historian whose 'Guide to Lake Como' dates back to the earliest limit of this Catalogue, and whose 'Il buon Fanciullo' (1848) has gone into thirty editions, while other writings have attained upwards of twenty. No doubt Part 4 will show him occupying more space than the late industrious and learned R. Bonghi, who fills nearly a page—a little more than Boccaccio. It is noticeable, by the way, in the exhibit of editions of the Decameron, how there were intervals of eight years (1866-'74) and even eleven (1877-'88). The year 1897 saw the only recorded attempt at expurgation of this classic. Beccaria's 'Dei Delitti' was reprinted in 1884, and in 1889 his 'Di alcuni luoghi difficili e controversi della Divina Commedia.' Botta's History of the United States was revived in 1850, as part of the revolutionary agitation in the peninsula; Turin followed in 1852, and a second edition appeared in Milan in 1856, another in Florence in 1857, and the last in Turin in 1858-'59. Among current writers, the authoritative architectural critics, Lucas Beltrame and Camillo Boito, make a good showing, as does the scholarly librarian Guido Biagi. Each decade in the last half of the nineteenth century witnessed a publication of some one of Mrs. Stowe's works (she is here entered among the B's as "Beecher Stowe, Enrichetta"). 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was promptly brought out in 1852 in four volumes, and there were no fewer than three different translations the next year. The latest issue was in 1898, and in 1888 there was even seen an 'Uncle Tom' prepared for children. Byron—the association with Mrs. Stowe is here made natural—is still a living force in Italy. The latest 'Don Juan' and 'Childe Harold' appeared in 1897. Of Bulwer something was reproduced as recently as 1898. Blair's 'Rhetoric' was still in vogue in 1864. A hundred songs of Béranger were rendered into Italian in 1881. It is significant that there was no call for Louis Blanc after 1850. Even Bentham-Dumont fared better than that (1854). We must not omit to remark the frequent reference to works relating more or less incidentally to the author whose bibliography is displayed in this instructive Catalogue.

—The 'Sixth Annual' of the British School of Archæology at Athens is devoted largely to a report of the very interesting excavations conducted in the spring of 1900 by Arthur J. Evans of the Ashmolean Museum and D. G. Hogarth, Director of the British School at Athens, on and around the site of ancient Cnossus in Crete. The report is called preliminary, since certain topics are reserved until the completion of the explorations by Mr. Evans of the ancient palace of Minos, but the present publication in most respects is complete and independent. Of the palace, as was reported in the *Nation* for August 2, 1900, an area of about two acres was cleared last year, including the throne-room, extensive corridors, and magazines, with elaborate frescoes. One of the most interesting discoveries was a whole library of clay tablets, some with lineal and others with a sort of hieroglyphic script. The earliest remains are thought to be from not later than two thousand years before Christ, while the palace was destroyed about twelve hundred years before our era, a little earlier than the fall of Mycenæan civilization in Greece proper, and curiously near the time of the sack of Troy, according to the traditional date. The palace clearly was ransacked for valuable objects at the time of its destruction, but, during the last three thousand years, the site has been disturbed only by an occasional peasant grubbing for stone slabs to use in his own structures, and by an amateur digging a few years ago for antiquities. Mr. Evans says that over parts of the site not even a ploughshare can have passed, and that trees could never have been planted there, or their roots alone would have caused greater ruin. Mr. Hogarth's search for old cemeteries, "Mycenæan graves," did not lead to the result for which he looked, but he discovered a well-preserved primitive town, which contained masses of early pottery of the Mycenæan and pre-Mycenæan periods. His most interesting work, however, was in the Dictæan Cave, which ancient myths associated with the birth and early childhood of Zeus. Here many votive offerings were found, including nearly five hundred objects of bronze—figurines, knives, swords, spearheads, etc.—most of which were simulacral, and not intended for actual use.

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—The report of the ordinary work of the British School of Archæology at Athens invites to a brief comparison with the American School of Classical Studies. The two institutions stand side by side on the slope of Lycabettus, and have similar aims. The American School was opened in 1882, the British in 1886; the former has had a few more than one hundred students, the latter has had sixty-three. A comparison of the lists of students seems to show that the colleges and universities of this country make better scholastic positions for the former students of their School in Greece, and that thus the influence of the School is here more widely felt in the higher education. The American School keeps in closer touch with education at home also by sending to Greece each year, as an associate to the Director, a professor from one of the institutions which unite in the support of the school—Prof. Perry of Columbia University, for instance, serving this year as professor of the School at Athens. The incomes of the two schools are about the same. The British School receives £500 from its Government, while the American School receives nothing from its Government, but has about $3,000 as interest from its endowment fund, which is unhappily not yet completed. The British School receives the greater part of its additional income from private subscriptions, but has £100 each from the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, £50 from Newnham College, and £55 in all from six British colleges, while the American School, according to its last report, received $4,225 from American colleges and universities. The American School seems to provide more instruction for its students, for the last Director of the British School writes in his report that "students from English universities will never have the love of formal lectures which distinguishes those from America."

—The Bibliographical Society has issued an elaborate treatise, full of minutely intricate details, on the Printers of Greek in the fifteenth century, prepared by Mr. Robert Proctor of the British Museum. The volume, of 217 quarto pages and more than sixty facsimiles of early Greek founts of type, would seem to promise little general interest; but to those who have watched the recent efforts to introduce a legible, reasonable type for the printing of Greek text-books, Mr. Proctor's facsimiles and his account of how the fashion in Greek letters came to be set, will afford considerable entertainment. The replacement of the clear, strong types used in printing Greek during the first half century of typography by the delicate, flowing, confusing form of letter whose descendant founts are the joy of oculists at the present day, is one of the most curious incidents in the annals of the manufacture of literature. Aldus of Venice, the most influential printer of his time, was responsible for the change. His predecessors had used a form of type derived from the book-hand of a previous century, and admirably adapted to the more rigid demands of typography. Aldus, with keen business sense, determined to introduce a new form, resembling the easy running hand of contemporary scribes. The delicate fineness of the type which he secured gave an apparent beauty to his pages which is entirely lacking in the angular, broad lines of the letters he displaced. But the earlier type was easily read, whereas that of Aldus, when not almost illegible, is most wearying to the eyesight. The new style, however, appearing in the books of the greatest printer of the day, caught the popular fancy, and printers all over Europe hastened to copy the prevailing mode. Succeeding type-cutters have added regularity and evenness to the point of monotony, and they have secured mechanical simplicity despite all the complexities of Greek text, but without attempting to alter the traditional thin lines and illegible minutiæ of the letters. A few, notably the Englishman Baskerville a century and a half ago, have tried to introduce greater legibility, but the inevitable sacrifice of regularity and of the traditional canons of typographic beauty prevented for four hundred years any effective reform.

—'The Municipal Year Book of the United Kingdom,' which is edited by Robert Donald and issued by Edward Lloyd of Salisbury Square, London, is an annual publication of great utility, and the volume for 1901 is even richer in its contents than its predecessors. It has the advantage, moreover, of remarkable cheapness, for it contains some 550 pages of closely printed text, and costs only half a crown. We have to say "some" 550 pages, indeed, for the publisher has pursued the plan, towards the end of the volume, of interpolating advertisements in the text in a very annoying fashion, so that, *e. g.*, to get from statistics of municipal taxes to the list of clerks of county councils, we have to pass through an intervening territory occupied by somebody's red gum and somebody else's sulphur candles. We will hope that, as the circulation increases, these little devices to attract advertisers may become unnecessary. The statistical and descriptive information which the Year Book contains is arranged mainly under the names of the several towns; and it is significant of the changes coming over England that the editor has now seen fit to add the statistics of the Urban District Councils. But this is followed by a complete review of certain important recent developments of municipal activity, brought together under the heads of Water Supply, Gas Supply, Electricity Supply, Tramways, and Housing. The past year has seen the adoption of the policy of municipal street railways in a great many localities; and the desire to secure additional sources of revenue in order to provide funds for housing schemes has led even so conservative a municipality as Glasgow to petition Parliament for power to tax "ground values." It is noticeable, also, that, during the past year, a considerable number of town Councillors who were likely, even indirectly, to have business relations with their municipalities, have been compelled to resign by the pressure of public opinion. The editor is obviously in favor, in a general way, of "municipalization," and his accounts of success in this, that, and the other direction are probably not uncolored by his own optimistic opinions. But the intelligent reader will know where to suspend judgment; and if he cares to compare what he finds here with the evidence recently given before the Joint Committee of the Lords and Commons on "Municipal Trading," he will not lack material for a more dispassionate verdict.

TURKEY IN EUROPE.

Turkey in Europe. By Odysseus. London: Edward Arnold. 1900. Pp. 475.

There is really very little in this book to demand anonymity, unless the author were very high up in the service, or, indeed, at the top; and that, probably, no one will suggest. We seem left to conclude that behind the *nom de plume* lie business considerations, and that the writer, while he may be a diplomat, may also be a newspaper correspondent, a missionary (but hardly), a commission agent, a private student—anything. A remark on page 144 suggests that he, at one time, at any rate, exercised consular functions in Turkey. But, to leave such comparatively fruitless imaginings, whatever else the author may be, he is unquestionably and in his own right a master and an authority in his subject. He knows Turkish, colloquial and literary—two very different things—through and through. He knows it also as a philologian, has traced its roots in their ramifications into Central Asia, and can tell its degree of cousinship with the tongue of the Mantchus. He knows also the Turks themselves by long residence and varied intercourse with them. Isaac Disraeli asked, "What does my son know of dukes?" With grand viziers and pashas at least Odysseus has an extensive and peculiar acquaintance. But that was not in the way (as so often) of being crammed with apocryphal political secrets to be passed on to a curious public; there is not one sentence of the kind in his book. It was to study the Turk, his racial psychology, his ambitions—so far as there are any—and his fears. That he evidently did most thoroughly, not only among pashas, but down to darwishes and peasants. Further, he knows modern Greek and the Greeks at first hand, and for their history he has worked diligently at his Finlay. He knows, equally at first hand, the Balkans, peoples and languages.

This is a truly gigantic "order," and it is some comfort to find signs that the weight of learning is here borne rather heavily. The learning undoubtedly is there, but with it, in spite of much free and breezy intercourse with the peoples on their own hills and in their own villages from Albania to Wallachia, there goes a flavor of the professor at his desk, a suspicion of a blackboard on which to sketch race-charts and illustrate phonetic laws. Yet it must be confessed that no man who had the slightest strain in him of the philological enthusiast could wander in the Balkans without such risk. It is the more surprising that one in whom the strain is so prominent and whose linguistic training had been so excellent, should have kept so open an eye for the people themselves apart from their language. It may be said generally that an outstanding characteristic of the book is this union of vivid and personal perception and scholarly, clear-cut tabulation of statement. Further, it is evident that "Odysseus" passed through these lands as an inquiring traveller and had no settled life there. With Constantinople, on the other hand, he was too familiar to waste on it any words. There is no evidence of a knowledge of Armenian, but much of a knowledge of the Armenian people. Arabic he knows with curious limitations; he uses Palmer's translation of the Qur'an, but not slavishly, and he has access to native commentaries. With Muslim theology and

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law he has much more than the bowing acquaintance which some professed Arabists seem to think sufficient. This does not mean that the canon-lawyer or the theologian could not criticise some of his statements. When he describes the scope of the canon law as being real property, he is hardly accurate. It is, rather, so far as matters which we should call legal are concerned, questions of marriage, divorce, and inheritance. Nor is the status of the Shaykh-al-Islam and of his *fatwas* defined with perfect exactness. Similarly, in theology, the doctrine that the verbal expression of the Qur'an is absolutely of divine origin is not so hard and fast as he states it; dogmatic theologians, among themselves at any rate, would allow more elasticity. Its statutes, too, have by no means the absolute authority here and commonly ascribed to them. One of the most singular features of Islam is the way in which the agreement of the Muslim people has overridden plain Scripture. But, in spite of all this, "Odysseus" has evidently an exceptionally clear and accurate knowledge of his subject, derived to a great extent from native and first-hand sources. It is noteworthy, too, that that knowledge suddenly ceases at the Persian frontier. Of the Shi'ite positions he speaks in tentative and guarded terms.

With such an equipment, a book of high value was a certainty, and this book is of the highest value. Its object may be described shortly, as being a description and appreciation of the various elements entering into the existent Turkish problem as it centres at Constantinople. Egypt, Syria, Arabia, the Senussi state, and the great question of the Ottoman Sultan, as Khalifa of the Muslim world, with its consequences—consequences hardly realized yet by Europe—all these are outside of "Odysseus's" scope. It is the Turk in Europe, his past, and that of his subject peoples, but especially his present on all its sides and in all its conditions, and his future—what is going to become of him? The problem is serious enough, and yet few of those who declaim on Turkish atrocities and talk of abolishing the Turk, know what the situation is and what are the elements involved. Once the Turk had hold of Europe and had pretty definite ideas what to do with it; now Europe has hold of the Turk and has not an idea how to deal with him. Without doubt, this is due in part to international jealousies; the Power that has Constantinople will hold the gorgeous East in fee more perfectly than ever did Venice, and it will also dominate eastern Europe. But it is due far more to helplessness before a recognized problem, the existence of the Turks there and through all Asia Minor. They cannot all be killed off; the method would be effective, but it is impossibly crude. The application of constitutions and reforms produces no result; that has been tried. A forcible suppression of the Turkish state and a division of its territories among the European Powers would bring about a condition of things little better than the present. For one state to emend by force the internal affairs of another is to do evil that a very problematic good may follow. Even we are coming to realize that. And when the head of the erring state is the Khalifa of Muhammad and the ruler in sacred things of almost all the Muslim peoples, the crime becomes a blunder.

That some solution must be found and will in time be found is certain. But it can be no rough-and-ready one; no treating of the symptoms with gunboats and demands for indemnities. It must be based on the broadest and fullest knowledge, even though that may lead at first to most pessimistic conclusions. We may have to learn that there are actually people in the world who would rather be ill-governed by their own kin and kind than be excellently governed by strangers; who see—even yet—no reason why there should not be subject races with no more rights than those which their superiors allow them; who actually prefer their native and comfortable inconvenience and ignorance to all the resources and enlightenment of our civilization; who have a code of morals which is often different in its sentences from ours, but which they regard as better; and who, most startling of all, regard themselves as superior beings, far before us in stage of development. So, at least, they would put it if they ever listened to the profane heresies of Darwin. In their own straightforward expression, it would run that we, with natural differences in size, color, kind, were all simply pigs. A good many things will come and go, and eggs will be broken for many an omelet, before these people will clamor to be admitted to the comity of the Christian nations and to be given a place in the procession of trade and prosperity.

The truth in the matter is that the East knows only one side of the West, and the West, as a whole, knows nothing of the East. The Turk knows Europe as a bundle of exceedingly powerful states which have no idea of living and letting live, but which are for ever requiring him to do the most absurd and dangerous things. He is in mortal fear of his Christian Rayahs; Europe insists on giving them more power. He knows that a Turk will never obey a Rayah; Europe insists that Rayahs should be appointed to administrative office. He feels that he is getting along very comfortably and making the financial ends meet; Europe insists that he cannot last another year, and must go through the bankruptcy court. Europe, on the other hand, sways between that old theory of specially Satanic origin which changed Tatar into Tartar, and an equally absurd idea that it is a gentle and cultured race, cruelly handicapped, and persecuted by Armenian nihilists and Russian intrigues. That the Turk will ever come to understand Europe may be doubted; it is essential that Europe should attain to some better knowledge of the Turk, and books like the present are the only means of bringing that about.

The field thus to be covered is large, and it is covered very completely. The state of things in the Balkan peninsula before the Turkish conquest, with its warring races, Greek, Slavic, Bulgarian, and the rest, is first sketched with precision and brilliancy. The differing and often most puzzling divisions, by states, by languages, by blood, and by religions, are brought out, and the antecedent conditions of the present ethnological chaos are shown. Then comes a similar description of the situation after the Turkish conquest, forming a sociological study in the widest sense. The Turks themselves are then taken up, as they pour out of Asia, part of that mighty swarm of barbarian invaders which the Great Wall of China turned to cover the West. This chapter, too, is sociological, and there are ten pages in it (90-100) of a convincing lucidity and satisfactoriness in characterization of the Turkish people that we have never seen equalled. The masterly chapter on Muhammadanism which follows, shows the same strength of pregnant characterization. Evidently, it is not the narrowed and bloodless, if accurate, work of a man of books in his study, but of one who has been able to understand and interpret his books through people whom he knew.

Chapters on the Orthodox Church in its twelve or thirteen divisions, on the Greeks, and on the Bulgarians and Serbs, on the Albanians and Vlachs, and on the Armenians form the second half of the book. From these it is plain that "Odysseus" has no great faith in the principle of nationality which Mr. Gladstone found so attractive, at least as applied in the Balkans. As he shows it, a man may be a Greek one day, may turn a Bulgarian the next, and a Servian on the third, and may have been a Vlach all along. The Albanians seem to be the only definite "race," and no one knows what their race is. When Kinglake travelled, in 1834, from Belgrade to Constantinople, he crossed the present Bulgaria, but that name never appears in 'Eothen.' Forty years ago every educated man there would have called himself a Greek. Now they are all Bulgarians down to the north shore of the Aegean, except that another change is beginning. The first was the disentangling of the Slavic races as a whole from the Greeks and the emancipating of them from Greek dominance. Now, the different Slavic races are being disentangled from one another, and a Servian propaganda is striving to push back the limits of the Bulgarian race and make all Servian to the Aegean and to the Black Sea. As race, in this sense, means language and religious connection, and as every inhabitant of the Balkans seems to be at least bilingual, for a Bulgarian to change into a Servian means no great leap. As a consequence, race-maps of the Balkans must be regarded with suspicion. These are continually changing, and the politics of their constructors have much to do with the changes.

But all this is an exceedingly inadequate description of a really important and in its way helpful book. It recognizes the precise point of the problem, puts the Turks before us as they are, for good or for evil, and admits that their case is hopeless. But it has no panacea to offer, none of the easy methods and short ways that are so alluring at present. Its effect is, therefore, depressing, and with the depression which comes on the first acknowledgment of a real difficulty. The helpfulness, on the other hand, lies in the clear-sighted statement of so many sides of the situation. For that we cannot be too grateful to "Odysseus," whoever he may be.

A few corrections and additions in points of detail may be added. On page 21, Buhawids should be either Buwayhids or Buyids. To the note on page 110 may be added that Ignacz Kunos's translation into Hungarian of Turkish folk-tales has been translated further into German in the *Ungarische Revue* for 1888-89. He has also published Turkish folk-songs in the Vienna *Zeitschrift für die Künde des Morgenlandes*, vols. ii. and iii. On page 189, 190, the remarks on sobriety and chastity in Islam are highly misleading. No student of Muslim history and literature can have failed to see how dead a letter is the statute against the use

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of intoxicating drink. The passages in the Qur'an supposed to forbid it are ambiguous, and the legal praxis is so arranged that a conviction is next to impossible. For example, the addition of water to wine makes it legal. Again, it is certainly not European influence that has made the upper classes in Constantinople drink to excess. Their ancestors did so as far back as we can trace them, and the people is still to be found which has not used and abused inebriants. In one respect the Turkish attitude is different from the European. The European professes some more or less innocent object for his drinking; the Turk settles down honestly to get drunk. The other matter is more difficult to handle. It is true that illegitimacy among Muslims is almost unknown. So it is in Ireland, and the reason in both cases is early marriage. But, besides this, the *harim* life and the patriarchal nature of the Muslim household make a case of illegitimacy practically unprovable. That it is regarded as possible and occurrent is shown by Muslim terms of abuse. If "Odysseus" were to read 'The Thousand and One Nights' through, his horizon for drink and women in Islam would be wonderfully widened. But, further, that prostitution is unknown is simply not the case. Naturally, the foreigner comes little into contact with it, but it is there. Other and essential aspects of this subject cannot well be discussed except in the decent obscurity of a learned language; to these "Odysseus" makes not the slightest allusion. On the use, by the preacher, of a sword as a staff in the mosque of St. Sophia, noticed on page 205, it may, perhaps, be worth remarking that such is the custom in all places taken from the unbelievers by force of arms.

Two maps, of the Balkan peninsula and of Asia, which accompany the text, are quite unworthy of it.

THE SUCCESSORS OF DRAKE.

The Successors of Drake. By Julian S. Corbett. Longmans, Green & Co.

This work, designed as a sequel to the two volumes upon 'Drake and the Tudor Navy,' sustains the reputation made by its author in the earlier work. It covers the period of Elizabethan history which extended from the death of Sir Francis Drake to the conclusion of the Spanish war shortly after the death of Elizabeth and the accession of James the First. Naturally, it treats mainly of the naval history of that period, but less exclusively than the preceding volumes, which had for their main topic the career of Drake and his contemporaries. Military matters and land operations became more linked with those upon the sea, so that they could not be ignored in the narrative. The sea became the pathway for results that could only be definitively attained by the forces upon the land. The Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Cumberland, Lord Mountjoy, and Sir Richard Leveson were the men whose personalities were so prominent and distinguished as to become worthy to be named as the successors of Drake during the period under review.

The pendulum of the world's opinion upon the value of sea power swings to and fro in the course of time from one extreme to the other. Just now it seems to favor the sea, but it will doubtless soon swing back as the limitations of sea power are recognized, along with the fact that most of the world lives upon the land. This the author perceives, as well as the fact that the most famous of Drake's successors were all originally soldiers, and came to need the fleets they were handling and the land forces they were directing not as separate entities, but as integral parts of one great force with one great aim in view. Although land and sea operations have each their legitimate spheres, they also have their common objectives. In reviewing the English wars against Spain in the time of Elizabeth, we cannot help agreeing broadly with Sir Walter Raleigh, when he says that "if the late Queen would have believed her men-of-war as she did her scribes, we had in her time beaten that great empire in pieces, and made their kings kings of figs and oranges, as in old times." Sir Walter, it is true, preached always better than he practised, and more than once the failures of the men of war in action were due as much to themselves as to the Queen. Still, things were done by halves, and impotent invasions and badly sustained attacks did teach the Spaniards how to defend themselves, and, by seeing their own weakness, provide the necessary cure.

The first of the new leaders to appear upon the scene was the young Earl of Essex, the heir of Drake's earliest patron. Whatever else may be said of the characteristics of this young Earl, he was not lacking in the power to lead men and to inspire them with the finest heroism—a quality belonging only to a born leader. And yet, with this quality, were others so fantastic that, as the author says, when "we follow him through his brief and brilliant career, we seem never, even in his most serious operations, to be out of the tilt yard, nor even to lose the accompaniment of Spenser's unreal singing like music at the play." Probably this very accompaniment, being common to the men of his time, added to Essex's qualifications for leadership among men, while detracting nothing from the necessary requisites for a favorite at the Court of Elizabeth. Having won his spurs in Normandy, he came back to the Court with so high a reputation as a soldier that he ventured also upon the more hazardous, and to him less successful, career as a politician.

Another successor of Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, is discussed with much freshness of material and with so novel a treatment as to make us feel as if a new character had emerged from the Elizabethan age. Our author is too severe in his judgment, but we give his summary of Raleigh in his own language and with its own shading. He says:

"There can be no doubt, then, that, at the revival of the war, such reputation as he had acquired for being a man fit for naval command, rested mainly on the force of his personality. The ardor of his far-sighted desire, the strenuous belief in himself and his powers, the daring originality of his mind, and his 'bold and plausible tongue' had persuaded many to credit him with capacities that he had never displayed. Still, it is doubtful whether any man of first-rate ability, except his friend and kinsman, Sir George Carew, ever believed in him. By the bulk of his contemporaries, he was detested as no better than a pushing and selfish adventurer. For us that view of him is forgotten and forgiven in his prophetic dream of empire and the witchery of his tuneful pen. We read phrased in perfect cadence the wisdom he uttered when all was over; but if we seek for it in action, when the war was hot, it is to find little but cold miscalculation. No single exploit, no single well-timed resolution, lifts him amongst the great captains. His immortal Virginian dream, failure as it was, is his real monument. If that be put aside, and if, by an effort hardly possible, we can free our judgment from the spell of his pen and personality in order to follow dispassionately his career at sea, it will look as cold and bare to us as it did to those of his contemporaries who were best able to judge."

The expedition to Cadiz, and the attack that followed upon the fleet and city, stand out as one of the most brilliant of the operations recounted in the work before us; yet some of the glamour of this famous attack disappears when we compare it with the preceding one of Drake. Howard contrasts badly in his want of method, and still more in his want of enterprise, with his former companion at arms. Essex and Sir Francis Vere, however, redeemed all this hesitation and delay, and the brilliancy of the attack upon land compensated for the want of vigor afloat. Raleigh has generally had the credit of being the man of action of the engagement, but we think Mr. Corbett is justified in exhibiting him mainly as a restraining spirit, and giving to Essex, Vere, and the younger Howard the laurels of the action, as a whole. The withdrawal from Cadiz, and the subsequent want of success, did much to cloud the results of the expedition, which suffered from having over it too many commanders, with the inevitable discordance.

George Clifford, the Earl of Cumberland, was another one of the successors of Drake who became prominent in the latter days of Elizabeth. He had the good fortune, however, unlike many of the others, to succeed where Drake had failed. This was on his twelfth as well as last expedition, commanded as well as equipped by himself; for, like many others of his time, he had taken to the sea to repair the fortune he had lost on land. Sailing in March, 1598, from England, after unsuccessfully cruising along the Spanish coast and the Canary Islands, he proceeded to San Juan, Porto Rico, and succeeded there, where all other Englishmen before had failed. The pecuniary reward, nevertheless, was small, as the gold mines of Porto Rico were worked out, and the products of the island at this time were the less valuable sugar, ginger, and hides. The customary sickness and fevers breaking out, the place taken so brilliantly was eventually abandoned, and the expedition returned to England, leaving Porto Rico under the flag of Spain for three hundred years more. With this return may be said to have closed the last of the great privateering expeditions begun by Drake—an end which occurred almost simultaneously with the close of the career of Philip the Second of Spain.

The insurrection in Ireland under Tyrone tempted the young successor of Philip, and the war between Spain and England still continued. The failure of Essex and his subsequent rebellion and death called the attention of the world anew to that stormy country, and Mountjoy became in turn on land and sea what Drake had stood for in times past. He had been ridiculed in his earlier days as a text-book soldier, but so had his contemporary Prince Maurice on the Continent, who was just then revolutionizing warfare on land in such a manner as to cause a cessation of mirth on the part of his critics. Mountjoy at thirty-six be-

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came the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and, like Drake, knew how to build success upon a sagacious use of the command of the sea. British soil was invaded at last, but, ably seconded by Docwra and Sir George Carew upon the land and Sir Richard Leveson upon the sea, Mountjoy received the capitulation of Aquila, the Spanish commander, and with it the town and port of Kinsale. Thereafter, Ireland was defended by operations on the coast of Spain, and to Sir Richard Leveson is due the credit of operations which kept the Spanish fleet occupied on its own coast, and gave to the end of the war on the English part a brilliancy equalled by the efforts of the Dutch and the courageous but futile resistance of Spinola and his galleys. With the return of Leveson and Munson and the defeat of Spinola came the death of Elizabeth, and "when she died the war died with her."

The successors of Drake were not his equals afloat, until Nelson appeared in later days. None the less interesting is this graphic account of them as told by one who has shown more than ordinary capacity as an investigator and historian.

Herod: A Tragedy. By Stephen Phillips. London and New York: John Lane. 1901.

Beauty of a sort this new play of Mr. Phillips's undoubtedly possesses. Critics have already quoted again and again certain of its lines and passages, till the public knows them well.

"And he shall still that old sob of the sea,
And heal the unhappy fancies of the wind,
And turn the moon from all that hopeless quest."

. . . . . .

"And all behind him is
A sense of something coming on the world,
A crying of dead prophets from their tombs,
A singing of dead poets from their graves."

. . . . . .

"Those eyes that bring upon us endless thoughts!
That face that seems as it had come to pass
Like a thing prophesied."

Mr. Phillips is a virtuoso of the romantic shiver. He is a master of that art recommended of Keats, the art of folding "a rose-leaf round the finger's taperness" and detecting through the enchanted silence "Aeolian magic." Nor is it simply in single images, or single verses, or brief lyrical passages that the undeniable beauty of his play resides. Mr. Phillips is a crafty manipulator of stage effects, and he manages his curtain with the practised hand of a thrice-seasoned playwright. If the spectator has no qualms over the patness of the incidents, he will find very impressive the situation with which act ii. closes—the arrival of Cæsar's messengers, their sonorous recital of the Oriental names of cities and regions presented by Cæsar to his new ally, Herod's vain repetition of the list of his honors, and his unavailing appeal to the dead Mariamne for her sympathy in his triumph. Equally strong, in the same somewhat dubious fashion, is the close of act iii., where, again, the opportune envoys appear with new honors which they thrust on Herod, who is this time dumb and blind, "rigid" with a mysterious seizure, ransoming his "outward victory with inward loss." The scenes, too, in act i. between Mariamne and Herod have much sombre splendor; they are excellent examples of what a youthful critic of "Tristan und Isolde" once termed "heavy passion."

Herod—That star is languorous with divine excess!
Mariamne—O world of wearied passion dimly bright!
Herod—Now the armed man doth lay his armor by,
And now the husband hasteth to the wife.
Mariamne—The brother to the sister maketh home.
Herod—Now cometh the old lion from the pool.
Mariamne—And the young lion having drunk enough.

You may like the effect of all this, or you may dislike it. But the effect is incontestably there—a lyrical effect, perhaps, rather than a dramatic one, but an effect of rich beauty.

"Now stand we on the hill in red sunrise,"

exclaims Herod; and Mariamne's phrase.

"How bright the towered world!"

calls up with romatic glamour the distant regions toward which Herod is hastening off on his adventurous mission.

Nor is the play by any means merely a tissue of fine phrases, burnished images, and telling situations. It has unity and climax; the story moves straight on from start to finish; at times you almost hear the inveterate note of fate. Evidently you are intended to hear it; plainly enough it is nothing less than a "Fate-drama" that Mr. Phillips has proposed to write.

"The first step is with us, then all the road,
The long road is with Fate,"

exclaims Herod. And again, at the close of act ii.—

"It was foretold of me
That I should slay the thing that most I loved.
Fate is upon me with the hour, the word."

Unity of atmosphere, too, the play certainly possesses; the reader's nerves are kept a-tingle all the way with a sense of some mysterious dissonance in nature; the air is heavy—dully threatening, even in the moments of Herod's most passionate bliss or most showy triumph. The diction, the imagery, the invented situations, the natural background are all conceived in keeping, and come from the poet's imagination, tinged with a certain sombre splendor and suggestiveness.

All which being duly recognized and duly set down to Mr. Phillips's credit, why does the play leave in the mind of the discerning reader such a feeling of discontent? Why does he turn from it to one of Browning's plays, or even to the "Cenci," with such a sense of escape into a worthier region? Of course, an old-fashioned reader will at once justify his discontent by accusing the play of being hopelessly decadent in tone and atmosphere. One can fancy such a reader's tirade of disgust. He will call Herod's passion a kind of madhouse mania, and the action of the play merely a clever compound of "nympholepsy and catalepsy." He will aver that the atmosphere of the entire drama reeks of sensuous perfumes and unguents like the inside of a Cairo dance-house. "A hashish nightmare," "Double-distilled extract of 'Tristan und Isolde,' and of D'Annunzio deadly night-shade"; so he will reel off his epigrams. Herod's "*liquid* language of Eternity" he will stigmatize as "*absinthe* language of the boulevards." Grotesque as such exaggerations may be, they, perhaps, contain this much truth, which even the most modern and open-minded critic should not fail to record—the truth that there is hardly a single breath of sweet, natural life throughout Mr. Phillips's play; even the lovely face of the boyish Aristobulus has a hectic flush. It is an ailing earth that Herod and his court inhabit.

Nevertheless, magnificent dramas have doubtless been now and then wrought out of such ominous material. More difficult to forgive than the decadent atmosphere is the *factitiousness* of Mr. Phillips's tragedy. When all is said and done, the play is too clever by half; it is too ingeniously wrought, too craftily engineered. The truth of the matter seems to be that Mr. Phillips is a lyrical poet, with a very exceptional gift, who has been for many years an actor and has mastered the tricks of playwriting from the actor's point of view; his play is lyrically beautiful and technically ingenious, but dramatically artificial, flimsy, and thin, when judged by exacting standards. The action, though it is in a way plausible and direct enough, seems much of the time guided by the actor's need of points and situations. Again and again, a reader of the play is apt to catch himself fancying how Mr. Beerbohm Tree in his buskins would render an incident or declaim a lyrical passage. Mr. Tree out-Herods Herod in the reader's imagination; probably he did the same in the poet's. The characterization, too, is flimsy. Apart from Herod and Mariamne, the characters are purely conventional. Mariamne is well enough in her way—a good, savage piece of womankind to woo and quarrel with on a summer's day; her love for Aristobulus is quite what it should be, and her satanic pride is worthy of the old Asmonean lineage of which she so fondly boasts. As for Herod himself, his character is far from consistent or impressive. He is described as the "brain" of Judæa, a master of strategy and craft; yet he lets himself be easily bamboozled by evil counsel into two cruel deeds of futile folly—the murders of Aristobulus and Mariamne. These deeds may be historical, but their presentation is not convincing. The destruction of Aristobulus in particular, as Mr. Phillips represents it, is stupid and gross—but convenient for the fate-development, which at once begins. In truth, Herod impresses the reader as far more a man of words than a man of action. He rants egregiously over his successful visit to Cæsar, and later, when the people grow discontented with his policy, he is as eloquent as a modern "campaign orator" in the use of slippery commonplaces to persuade the people that he has only their welfare at heart. After the death of Mariamne his frenzied rhetoric takes up almost the entire third act. Doubtless, this act may have on the stage a certain grisly effectiveness; but the nervous chills that it superinduces, must be somewhat dearly bought at the expense of Herod's prolonged exhibition of hysteria. Altogether Herod's character *means* next to nothing. The Physician at the very close of the play moralizes Herod's madness as a heavenly visitation to punish him for his "brief brightness." Surely, this is a most lame and impotent conclusion of the whole matter, not at all necessitated by what precedes.

The fundamental defects in "Herod" as a tragedy are due to the fact that Mr. Phillips is as yet but an amateur in the art of life. If he could be trepanned and have an ounce or two of Mr. Kipling's gray matter inserted in his brain, the result would be excellent. Mr. Phillips has apparently done most of his living on the stage, and the experience that he has put into "Herod" is thoroughly conventional and artificial experience, won in regions where art gives the law, and in an atmosphere that is redolent of Wagner and the latest decadent French romances. One does not ask from a modern dramatist the

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wisdom and the moral insight of Shakspere, or from every modern dramatist the sincerity and the truth of Hauptmann or Ibsen. But surely a tragedy, if it is to be accepted as really worthy art, ought to be a genuine expression of first-hand experience; it ought to bring us close to life. "Herod" does *not* bring us close to life; it brings us close to Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Her Majesty's Theatre—a charming approximation, doubtless, but hardly one to justify a drama in claiming high rank, whatever may be the beauties of its diction and imagery and the effectiveness of occasional situations.

Intelligence in Plants and Animals: Being a new edition of the author's privately printed Soul and Immortality. By Thomas G. Gentry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Large 8vo, pp. 484. Illustrated.

Observation, imagination, sentiment, and revelation were heavily drawn upon in making up this book. Undoubtedly it is very attractive to such as believe with the author, yet it is marred by many evidences of too much credulity, and of unreliability in some of the sources from which compilations have been made. The purpose is said to be to prove that the lower animals have a higher status than is generally ascribed to them, that they have a future life where they will receive a just recompense for the suffering so many have to undergo in this world, and that soul exists in both plants and animals. The propositions are supported by many facts, a large amount of assumption, a lot of reasoning, and an abundance of revelation, which together necessitate the exercise of a great deal of faith. A believing habit engendered by study of revelation and the supernatural rarely is compatible with the proper amount of skepticism for a naturalist. The volume includes discussion of the actions, consciousness, reasoning, emotions, etc., of animals and plants, of which a less credulous editor would have cut out about one-half, thereby adding very much to the value. So many things are brought forward which the author did not know and cannot prove, that they are sufficiently obvious without specification, but reference may be made to the chapter on "Our Natural Enemies" or that on "Earthworms," for instance.

The following summary indicates the position of the author with regard to things of the present and of the future: Life and consciousness preceded organization; sensation is consciousness; plants once possessed consciousness; memory is spiritual and eternal; progress is not the normal rule in human society; things will go on until all life, vegetal and animal, will be brought under the controlling and elevating influence of man; all animals, so far as can be learned, have not only a capacity for the society of man, but an absolute yearning for it (including "our natural enemies"?); beasts were intended to be the servants of man; a bond established between the soul of man and that of dog is not to be severed by the death of the material body of either man or dog; man will be man, and beast will be beast, and insect will be insect in the next world, as they are in this; palæolithic man was a living, but not an everliving soul. It will be seen that the author is equally positive in regard to material and supernatural. He believes in natural selection, the survival of the fittest, and the immortality of all, but does not make clear the future status of those who did not survive, who have gone before, as compared with that of their competitors when the latter follow after; and, while asserting identity of individuals in the next world, gives no hint as to the number of all that will have existed, in past, present, and time to come, or of the space required for them. He is looking forward to the time when nothing harmful will anywhere exist.

The Love Letters of Victor Hugo. Translated by Elizabeth W. Latimer. Harper & Bros. 1901.

"An immense packet, in which one solitary idea, that of love and marriage, is reproduced under all its forms and in all its phases" (p. 201)—in such words the youthful poet himself described what he would gladly have deposited, weekly, at his beloved's door in the early days before she was his own, and when love was still as flush as May. M. Paul Meurice's completely indiscreet collection now shows that Hugo's exuberant vitality succeeded in keeping up the supply for two years and a half. Apart from revelations of character (not, however, by any means new), there is absolutely nothing in this tedious iteration of love-assurances, eager passion, or spasms of jealousy, to warrant such a publication, except in so far as it can gratify readers eager for the outpouring of a lover almost frenzied with impatience. The interspersion of occasional reflections serves but to emphasize the dominant idea:

"A gracious God perceived that without an intimate personal union the union of souls could never be made perfect, because two persons who love each other must spend their lives in a community of thought and action. This is, therefore, one of the ends for which God has established that attraction of one sex towards another which, in itself, shows that marriage is divine" (p. 57).

Passages of this character might well serve as examples of how not to write love letters. Jules Sandeau says, "Ce que l'amour a surtout d'adorable, c'est qu'il n'a pas le sens commun"; why, then, should any one invest its professions with a wrappage of pseudo-logic? In fact, from the literary point of view, the whole of this correspondence suffers, at too frequent intervals, from the confident sententiousness of youth.

Such biographical incidents as these letters mention were abundantly familiar. Every life of Hugo to this date had already informed the general reader of the specific difficulties which delayed the union of the lovers, whose combined ages at the time, by the by, amounted to barely forty years. It is, nevertheless, interesting to note that several incidents and phases of feeling connected with this period of probation were subsequently used by Hugo in the love-episodes of 'Les Misérables.' The preface to this volume contains the following words: "They evidently were not written to be seen by other eyes than those of the girl he loved; he constantly entreats her to burn them." We do not agree with the *sequitur*, "they are all the more valuable on that account." On the contrary, when we remember the equally unreserved disclosures bearing on Hugo's maturer life and conduct made by M. Asseline and others, it seems hard that the fluctuations of the poetic temperament should, after a man's death, be exposed to general unsympathetic scrutiny. It was neither of the youthful nor of the matronly Adèle that Hugo was thinking when he wrote, in 'Les Chants du Crépuscule,'

"Puisque j'ai mis ma lèvre à ta coupe encor pleine;
Puisque j'ai dans tes mains posé mon front pâli."

There consequently appears no good reason why, in this particular case, youth's sweet-scented manuscript should not have remained for ever closed.

The Chronicle of Froissart. Translated out of French by Sir John Bourchier, Lord Berners, Annis 1523-'25. With an Introduction by William Paton Ker. London: David Nutt. 1901. [Tudor Translations.]

It might be said of Froissart, the editor remarks, that his "whole business was to live in the fourteenth century, and tell us what he saw there." In like manner one might be disposed to say of Berners that his whole business was to translate Froissart and make the fourteenth century known to the sixteenth. But such would by no means have been the opinion of John Bourchier, Lord Berners. His great business, from his point of view, was to deal with high affairs of state, to fight in the King's wars, go on his embassies, and hold fast his town of Calais. The translation of the 'Chroniques,' undertaken at the command of Henry VIII., was, like his versions of 'Huon de Burdeux' and the 'Golden Book' of Guevara, the occupation of his old age and leisure.

Berners comes at a transition period of English literature. Plantagenet prose, with its childlike grace and sweetness, had gone; the enchanting phrase of Malory was never to be recovered. When Berners wrote, the aureate style which was to glitter in 'Euphues' and give gorgeousness to the great Elizabethans, was just coming into fashion, and Berners, as some of his work shows, tried to learn its rhetorical tricks late in life, as Socrates in his old age took lessons in dancing. But he had the good taste, in dealing with Froissart, to keep to his natural first Tudor prose, than which nothing could better represent the easy conversational French of the 'Chroniques.' If we do not hear, as in the magical 'Morte Darthur,' "sweet and far, the horns of Elfland faintly blowing," we see good blows struck and gallant deeds done in his vivid pages. As chivalrous gentleman and stout fighter, Berners is thoroughly in sympathy with his subject; he knows what he is telling and how to tell it, and he feels as Froissart felt. He has always the living English phrase for the living French, and the imagination that responds to Froissart's dramatic touch.

It is impossible to make another English translation of Froissart. A modern translator must either use the phraseology of his own time and thus lose the characteristic color, or he must try the falsetto of an affected archaism. He who would read Froissart in English, must read Berners; and for this beautiful reprint, enriched by an admirable biographical and critical introduction from the pen of the accomplished editor, readers cannot be too thankful.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, F. O. The History of Enfield, Conn., Vol. II. Lancaster (Penn.): Published by the Editor.

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Bigham, Clive. A Year in China, 1899-1900. Macmillan. $3.50.
Bulfinch, Thomas. Age of Chivalry. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1.25.
Burnham, C. L. Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Colestock, H. T. The Changing View-Point in Religious Thought, and Other Short Studies in Present Religious Problems. E. B. Treat & Co. $1.
Collins, J. C. Ephemera Critica. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Deasy, H. H. P. In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan, Being the Record of Three Years' Exploration. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Delmas, D. M. Speeches and Addresses. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $2.50.
Easby-Smith, J. S. The Songs of Alcaeus. Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. $2.
Emory, Frederic. A Maryland Manor. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Evans, R. D. A Sailor's Log: Recollections of Forty Years of Naval Life. D. Appleton & Co.
Fogazzaro, Antonio. Piccolo Mondo Moderno. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli. £5.
Fremantle, W. H. Christian Ordinances and Social Progress. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Gestefeld, U. N. The Builder and the Plan. Pelham: The Gestefeld Pub. Co. $2.
Gillespie, Mrs. E. D. A Book of Remembrance. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.
Halsey, F. W. The Old New York Frontier. Scribners. $2.50.
Johnson, E. H. The Religious Use of Imagination. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.
Josaphare, Lionel. The Lion at the Well. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 50 cents.
Kinross, Albert. Philbrick Howell. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Lichtenstein, Joy. For the Blue and the Gold: A Tale of Life at the University of California. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50.
Long, John Luther. The Prince of Illusion, and Other Stories. Century Co.
Macdonald, T. A. Two Lovers and Two Loves. Paterson (N. J.): Published by the Author.
Meredith, George. A Reading of Life, and Other Poems. Scribners. $1.50.
Officers and Graduates of Columbia University, 1754-1900. Printed for the University.
Osborne, Duffield. The Lion's Brood. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Parr, G. D. A. Practical Electrical Testing. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Prowse, R. O. Voysey. Macmillan. $1.50.
"R. K. D." Mabel Gordon. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Savage-Armstrong, G. F. Ballads of Down. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.
Serviss, G. P. Pleasures of the Telescope. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Sutton, Xavier. Clearing the Way. The Catholic Book Exchange. 10 cents.
The Progress of the Century. By Eminent Specialists. (Originally Printed in the *Sun*.) Harpers. $2.50.
Tompkins, F. W. Following Christ. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Turneaure, F. E., and Russell, H. L. Public Water Supplies. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: John Wiley & Sons. $5.
Venables, Edmund. Bunyan: The Pilgrim's Progress, Grace Abounding, and a Relation of his Imprisonment. New ed. Henry Frowde. $1.25.
Waters, W. G. Piero della Francesca. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Wells, B. W. Modern German Literature. New ed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
White, S. E. The Claim Jumpers. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. Penelope's Irish Experiences. New ed. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Wilkins, Mary E. Understudies: Short Stories. Harpers. $1.25.
Williams, C. F. A. Handel. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
"Zack." The White Cottage. Scribners. $1.50.

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